THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863. | VOL. XI.—No. 25. PRICE SIX CENTS.

SUSIE KNIGHT;

OR,

The True History of "The Pretty Waiter Girl."

A FANCY POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CANTO II.

XXXIV.

Our Susie trembled in anticipation
Of all that her warm, sensuous nature wanted;
And trembled at the simple intimation
That Charlie thanked her for what she had granted.
She did as others in like situation—
She pressed her lover's hand, she sighed, she panted,
She half enclosed him with her glowing arms,
And hid his head upon her bosom's charms.

XXXV.

"In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love;
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely, like an easy glove.
As you may find, whene'er you wish to prove her,
One man alone at first her heart can move:
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that th' additions much encumber."

XXXVI.

That stanza is transcribed from Byron's verse,
He understood such matters pretty well;
The truth he speaks in matter somewhat terse,
But, if he should his own experience tell,
He might unfold adventures that were worse;
For instance, once a handsome married belle,
The Lady Blessington, who was so steep with him,
Went all the way to Italy to sleep with him.

XXXVII.

My muse is something like my hero's hand,
It has a way of wandering around,
Searching for gold within a heap of sand.
The hand (and not the muse) by luck had found
A resting place close by a certain band
By which her stocking to its place was bound.
I'm modest, true, but for a word won't barter;
Our Charlie had his hand on Susie's garter.

XXXVIII.

He rained hot kisses on her honied lips;
Her breath came swift and sweet as perfumed air;
Her heaving bust all statues did eclipse,
And of his soft caresses claimed a share.
He felt the blood rush to his finger tips,
And clasping to his heart the yielding fair,
He bore her to a rich, luxurious couch—
But then for what occurred I cannot vouch.

XXXIX.

Next morning, as our languid lady lay
Caressing Charlie and by him caressed,
Forgetful of the duties of the day,
In this ideal of most voluptuous rest;
She asked him, half in earnest, half in play,
If he with matrimonial bonds was blest.
He said, unhesitatingly, "I am—
But what of that? I do not care a damn!

XL.

"I must continue still to worship beauty,
A pretty woman is a strong temptation;
With me it is a simple Christian duty
To love her as I would a near relation.
The man who don't must surely be a brute, he
(Whate'er the fellow's name, or rank, or station)
Is heartless quite whose spirit doesn't rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle.

XLI.

"I'm constant to a sense of inner feeling,
Those pure impulses—Deity has made 'em.
And if old Time fair Beauty's flowers is stealing,
I'm doing good if I find where he's laid 'em.
If at the same hues I'm forever kneeling,
The mowing monarch surely shouldn't fade 'em:
And yet he does—it's his affair, not mine,
If the same eye doesn't always beam divine."

XLII.

Of course such reasoning as that's pernicious,
Inconstancy of all crimes is the sum:
Yet wicked things are oft times quite delicious,
A kiss, for instance, or some spiced old rum.
But that you, reader, may not be suspicious,
My morals are, I'll state, tight as a drum.
I neither drink, nor swear, nor chew, nor smoke;
I'm temperate quite—because I am dead broke.

XLIII.

And yet—and yet the man was partly right,
All things, all creeds, all people ever change;
All that we know, or see, or love, takes flight
Beyond the scope of our poor vision's range.
The angel in the opera play last night
Is but a Cyprian on the street—how strange!
T. Baby Aldrich, with his dainty views,
Writes flash descriptions for the Picture News.

XLIV.

Well, let it pass; I am no moralizer
O'er human follies; never get I frantic.
I'll leave the long-drawn sighs to Ann Eliza
Who writes the moral tales for the *Atlantic*.
In "Lillian"—if that novel you will buy, sir,
You'll find the languishments are done gigantic:
You're more than told by all the "Oh! alases!"
The writer fair sprang from a race of asses.

XLV.

Lex talionis was the Latin law,
Which Charlie's wife, perhaps, knew something of;
At least when he was gone, she never saw
The harm of hearing other men talk love.
And on this night, by some bright *coup d'etat*,
A bachelor was lodging with the dove;
So that the billings, coolngs, and ecstatics
Were double ratio, as in mathematics.

XLVI.

At breakfast time a handy servant brought
To Sue and Charlie muffins, meat and cake;
In doing which she did just what she ought,
For love's intensified by rare beef steak:
Raw oysters, too, with amorousness are fraught.
Oh! virtuous wife, do, for your own sweet sake
Keep from your husband such blood heating food,
Else you'll have reason for a jealous mood.

XLVII.

They swallowed with a relish their repast,
And Charlie talked—they being still in bed—
About the pleasures of the night just past;
Till modest Susie hid her pretty head
Upon the pillow, where he held it fast,
And on her charms his new-flamed passion fed,
Of charms she had a very goodly share
All left to view—I'll drop the curtain there.

XLVIII.

When Susie reached her place of biz., the boss
Received her with a genuine look of pleasure,
He knew her value, and had had some cause
To fear he'd lost this new-discovered treasure.
For days at best with him were times of leisure;
At night it was he let *his* candle shine,
And he to others daylight did resign.

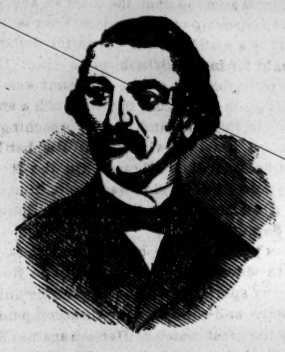
XLIX.

A week passed on, as weeks know how to do;
Our heroine saw strange sights for one whose life
Had heretofore been past where sights were few,
Far from the city's bustle, noise and strife.
She learned things never dreamt of hitherto,
In this new school where passions oft ran rife;
Where half the people, worshipping the evil,
Shout bully hallelujahs to the devil.

This homely scrawl of course does not pretend
To give in full description each adventure,
For if it did I fear 'twould never end,
And angry readers' feelings would have vent, sure,
When your poor author the first part had penned,
He swore to make the next above all censure:
But histories must be true, that is the bother!
You've had one wicked scene and here's another.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MRS. CECILE RUSH,
TRAGEDIENNE.



EDWIN ADAMS,
COMEDIAN.

See Biographical Sketches in another Column.

THE LIBERTINE AND HIS VICTIM;

OR,

THE DOOM OF THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE OF

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE, LOVE, AND CRIME;

The Theatre, Turf, Ring, and Bagnio.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RACING STEED—THE CHALLENGE—MATCH BETWEEN "HERO" AND "GEN. BRAGG"—THE CONSPIRACY TO SECURE A VICTORY—SAM OAKLEY AND THE SOUTHERNERS—SAM INDULGES IN A POT OF BEER AND A SOLILOQUY—CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP—THE RACE AND DEFEAT OF THE BLACKLEGS—"IF YOU LOSE YOU MAY WIN, IF YOU WIN YOU MAY LOSE"—A POCKET BOOK MISSING—JOB JOBSON THE DETECTIVE GETS INTO TROUBLE—COL. FRENCH GETS OUT OF IT.

AWAY out in the romantic village of Flatbush stands by itself a large, irregularly built mansion, surrounded by extensive grounds, laid out in excellent taste. At some short distance from the main building stands a long row of low but well ventilated offices and stables, where exists perhaps as fine a stud of horses as can be found in the country; adjoining these (the stables, not the horses) are the coach houses, where almost every species of vehicle can be found, from the large family chariot down to the light trotting wagon.

Henry Weston, Esq., was a patron of the turf, and one of those who spared no pains to bring it up to the fullest standard of excellence, by the uprightness of his dealings and the unflinching honesty of purpose with which he entered into and carried through all his transactions on the sward. His *menage* was the finest and most carefully attended to in the country, and his horses were well known for their successes in the field; as if a race was to be won, and he won it, it was by dint of superior management of the superb animals which he sent into the contest; if he lost, it was by a fair beat. Placed by an independent fortune far above the influence of the comparatively small sums which could be won or lost, he run his horses through love for the sport itself, and no one ever dared to attribute to him the unworthy motive of ever having bought or sold a race.

An immense sensation was created amongst the frequenters of the turf by the arrival in New York of a horse from the South, for which it was claimed that it never had been beaten. Lacking antagonists in its own locality, its owners had brought it North in the hopes of getting fresh metal to contend against, and with a view of raking a pile on the head of it. Its arrival had been well heralded by numerous advertisements and notices, and a loud trumpeted challenge to any other animal for a trial of speed for any amount from five hundred to ten thousand dollars. This animal was carefully taken charge of at the premises of a notorious livery and boarding establishment in Sixth Avenue, N. Y., and a rich harvest the stable boys reaped by the receipt of fees "just for one peep at him," which was generally accorded at a distance of about twenty feet; and the gratification accorded was that of an interesting view of the hindquarters and tail of an animal which, in all probability, resembled as much the article belonging to the real Simon Pure as one tail can resemble another.

Mr. Weston did not permit the Southern gentry to go long a begging for a customer. With a promptitude and energy which admitted of no backing out, he took up the gauntlet which had so defiantly been thrown down, and expressed himself ready at the earliest opportunity to test the merits of his "Hero" against the "Gen. Bragg" of Southern fame. All preliminaries were soon arranged, and at an early day the great event was to come off; five hundred dollars a side having been fixed upon as the amount to be run for.

In the parlor of one of the most comfortable public houses in Brooklyn, situated in High street, not a minute's walk from Fulton street, sat, a few evenings before the appointed time, three men; two of whom, judging from their style of dress, language and liquor, might at once have been detected as having been born and brought up on the other side of that line generally accorded as being the combined property of Messrs. Mason and Dixon. The third, with a pot of "ale an' 'alf" before him and a cigar in his mouth, which he couldn't for the life of him get to draw (to his infinite disgust short clay pipes were prohibited) was got up in that peculiar make which denotes the stable boy and jockey. Diminutive in stature, thin and wiry in frame, he seemed like a boy of twelve or fourteen; while, in reality, he was more than double that age. His speech told of English birth; his name was Sam Oakley—was ever a stable boy seen whose name was not Sam?

"And so you say," remarked one of the gentlemen, "that you are well acquainted with the premises."

"Every inch of 'em! I was a boy there for more 'en a couple o' years, and knows every nook and corner."

"The horses are well protected, I suppose?"

"I should rather think they is; vy their's more care taken of 'em, an' more attention paid 'em, than wot many a blessed human critter gets—by a jugfull."

"That's not exactly what I mean; I want to know if it be possible by any means to get at them, without any one else being any the wiser for it."

"Oh! I twigs—that's yer game, is it? Well, yer see, in the fust place there's them ere dogs outside, which might be got over; then there's them ere Scotch terriers inside, wat's much more difficult to manage, cos yer can't come it over them wery well; an' they're so trained that at the least strange noise they makes a hell of a barking—nothin' like a little terrier dog a lyin' on a door mat to scare burglars. Then there's the men inside, two of vich allus is on the watch in case of accidents—so a chap wot would want to wisit that ere place unbeknowns't would need to be made of nothin' at all, an' be as inwisible as a ghost."

"Rather a hard case to get over; but wouldn't a few dollars induce some one or other of the men to do us a little service?"

"I guesses not. Old Harry, as they call him, knows his men pretty well an' they knows him, an' I don't believe there is one of 'em but wot would most die to serve him; besides, if you buys von, you'd need to 'ave the 'ole lot—no, no! that game couldn't be played, not by no means whatsomever."

"D——n! but it must be done, somehow, and at all hazards; we can't afford to risk the chance of a defeat at the outset of our career here, and, from all I can learn, that is just about as likely as not, unless prompt and efficient measures are taken effectually to prevent it."

"Well, in course, if you says it must, it must; but blow my hies if I kin see it—unless yer buys up the old feller himself, an' yer might as vell try an' move this ere island up to Halbany. It wouldn't be no go."

"If you are so well known there, couldn't you do anything?"

"Vy, that vouldn't be wery likely either. Yer see the old man an I had some vords about a little drop o' hoats, vich he most imperlitely hinted was missin' ven it shouldn't a bin; an' p'raps they mightn't like to see me round jist about this time."

"That's bad! but are you willing to assist us, if you can?"

"Vell, if so be as 'ow you comes down 'ansome, I wouldn't mind; cos I've got an old grudge to vipe out, an' this 'ere's a bloody good chance, if it kin be cotched hold of in the right vay."

"Leave that to us. It now wants but six days to the time of meeting; come here to-morrow evening at eight o'clock—and take d—d good care you don't blab; or, by heavens! your life won't be worth a week's purchase. In the meantime here's a V, and five times that will be your reward if we succeed."

"All right! yer honors—mum's the vord—good night! To-morrow, at eight, punctual;" and Sam finishing his pot strolled leisurely out; shortly afterwards followed by the strangers who, making their way straight to the ferry, crossed over and were soon in New York.

Not so with Sam; he wandered up and down for a time in a state of seeming uncertainty what to do, his thoughts divided between what he had heard, and a desire to patronize Hooley's Minstrels, or indulge in a game at ten pins. But he did neither; with a sudden resolution he quickened his footsteps, and in a few minutes landed himself in a well known sporting bar in Main street. Here, after interchanging a few words of recognition with some acquaintances, he retired into a corner and proceeded to console himself with his pipe and favorite beverage. Thus sitting he soliloquised:—

"Vell, Sammy, my boy, blame your skin, if this ain't the rummiest go as ever you did see! You air raythera nice young man for to go a plottin' agin yer old boss in that ere manner. Wot a precious couple o' warmint them two coves is, to be sure—the darndest skunks ever I sot hies on! Vell, wot is to be did? The ole man did tura me off raythera quick, but wot of it? Didn't I deserve it? an' 'avint I bin makin' a honest livin' ever since? But I vas never so 'appy as ven I vas with him. Now, 'ere's a chance—I spiles his fun an' makes twenty-five dollars; or I spiles *their* sport an' makes——vell, I dun know wot; but he might be indooced to take me back, seein' as 'ow I can get a good karacter since I left him; anyhow, it vill be best to hear wot them ere rascals is going to be about fust, and then I'll do it—damn 'em! I'll do it;" and, as if to clinch the resolution, he dashed his hand upon the table before him with such vigorous energy that he upset his mug and lost the contents. But chuckling with pleasure at the prospect of the manner in which he was about to "do" the villains who were plotting against his old master, he got it re-filled, emptied it at a draught, and then went with lighter heart to enjoy his game at ten pins; in the exuberance of his spirits playing his balls with such wild ferocity (as if each of them had been the head of a conspirator) that he hardly ever made a count, and retired from the contest with a considerable hole made in his five-dollar bill.

Next night Sam met his friends according to promise, when a plan was proposed and adopted which they thought would work well and insure the object which they had in view. A party of men were to feign an attack upon the house, the dogs being first dispatched by bludgeons, or otherwise; and in the confusion consequent upon this, it was hoped to draw attention from the stables, towards which Sam was to devote his attention, and endeavor to dose the horse which was to run against "Gen. Bragg," so that he might be put out of condition and victory over him rendered certain.

It was the night before the day appointed for the great race. At a spot not far from the house of Henry Weston were collected half a dozen men, who, by different routes and at different times, so as to escape observation, had one by one come together; among the number was Sam Oakley, under whose guidance the remainder placed themselves. It was near midnight when they made their way into the grounds, and by cautious movements began to approach the premises. To the surprise of all, the dogs gave no sign—even the celebrated terriers seeming to be asleep at their posts. Sam placed himself close to the stables; the remainder commenced operations by endeavoring to burst open the front door and shouting "fire!" Their plans worked well, so far. At the first alarm the stable doors opened and Sam slipped quietly in, while there issued forth from the shrubbery and out-houses a dozen men armed with stout bludgeons, and each supplied with a dark lanthorn, which, when "turned on," made the place as light as day. Falling upon the invaders, they thrashed them soundly; and, securing them firmly, shut them up in an out-house until the morning.

The fashionable sporting world turned out next day to witness the great trial of speed between the champion horses of the North and South; "Hero," as being best known in the vicinity, was decidedly the favorite, though "Gen. Bragg" was freely backed by some of the knowing ones. At last, all was about ready, when, to the consternation of the Southerners, "Hero" was led on to the ground by Sam Oakley! It was now too late to back out; the race had to be and was run, "Gen. Bragg" being literally nowhere.

To save themselves from further punishment, the tools of these men made a full confession of the plot, and "Gen. Bragg" was played out very quickly. Sam Oakley was re-instated in his old master's employment, and ever after served him faithfully.

After the race between "Hero" and "Gen. Bragg," there was another one between two animals of inferior note, which resulted in the favorite losing, much to the chagrin of many of the "green 'uns" who had staked their money upon her. At a meeting of the owners that night, the driver being present, one of them remarked to him:—

"D—n it! you nearly made a nice mess of that job; a few inches more and you would have come in first."

"By Jove! I could hardly hold her; you know how she does go, when she takes it into her head. But, 'a miss is as good as a mile,' and it's all right."

"And infernally lucky for us that it is so! If you had by any chance let her win, I'd a been out of pocket more than three thousand dollars."

Thus demonstrating that it is possible that on the turf—if you win you may lose, and by losing you may win.

As is usual on such occasions, there was a goodly attendance of rowdies, thieves, and pickpockets, all more or less intent upon pursuing their avocations; and among them were Jemmy "the Gent," and a few of his select friends in the same line of business. The excitement during the first race was at its height, when a tall, elderly gent., our old acquaintance, Col. French, wheeled sharply round, and seizing a mild-looking youth by the collar charged him with abstracting his pocket-book. Many of the bystanders proposed lynching him at once by hanging him up in front of the Grand Stand, as a warning to evil-doers; but this was overruled as being rather a dangerous precedent. A policeman, of course, was not to be found (the two who were detailed for duty having important business in a refreshment tent with two lady friends of theirs, hailing from the vicinity of Grand street), and he was therefore searched on the spot by a couple of gentlemen; but nothing being found on him but an old theatre check, a few cents, and a cotton handkerchief, he was permitted to leave, protesting, with tears in his eyes, his entire innocence. And really innocent he was, the real operator, Jemmy, escaping in the confusion. In the course of the afternoon the pocket book was picked up, minus any funds it may have contained, by Jobson, a detective; who, with praiseworthy zeal, to make himself master, as it were, of the situation, at the earliest opportunity carefully perused every scrap of paper he found on it. He knew very well by the superscription on one or two notes who was the owner. Col. French was a man of some reputation, but then it was requisite that everything should be carefully noted, for was he not responsible for it now that it was in his hands? One epistle puzzled him considerably, because it was written in a foreign language. The New York police, as a general thing, are not very celebrated as linguists, nor for their style of language. There were only two words he could make out, and these were "Mdlle. Herbert." The "Madamoiselle" he couldn't make much of; but, in connection with the "Herbert," it was sufficient to fix his attention. Visions of piles of "greenbacks" began to float before his eyes, the proceeds of the reward for the discovery of that young lady; and Jobson hurried home in a high fever of expectancy. But a fresh cause of perplexity arose; he must have the note translated. But who could he find or trust to do it? If he took it to any one, might they not appropriate the information to themselves, give him a false reading, and forestall him in his plans? The note was signed "L. B.," but who was he, or she? Six hours spent over the B.'s in the directory left him as much in the dark as ever. At last a lucky thought struck him, he rushed to a second-hand book store and invested in an immense French and English and English and French dictionary; and after a hard night's work discovered that that "Md'lle" meant Miss. Well, this was at least so far satisfactory. "Miss Herbert" was plain enough, and that was all; so he resorted to the directory again, and at last discovered a "Lemuel Buckmaster, Centre street." Off he started for this locality, and found that that individual, the respectable proprietor of an establishment for re-seating cane bottom chairs, had shuffled off his mortal coil some months before, and was quietly reposing in Greenwood Cemetery, where he thought it would be hardly worth while to trouble him. Jobson was now fairly beat and baffled. What on earth should he do next? Jobson was mad—at the note, at the writer, with himself, everybody and everything; what with his tantalizing trials, and the thought of that ten thousand dollars, Jobson was fast becoming a candidate for a cell in an asylum for the insane, when he made up his mind, in a fit of desperation, to go direct to the Colonel and see what he could pump out of him.

Col. French was seated by a blazing fire, enjoying his morning meal and paper, when a domestic announced that a man down stairs was desirous of an interview—a Mr. Jobson—on particular business.

"Show him up," said the Colonel, putting himself outside of a glass of *liquor*, and into an attitude of attention to receive his visitor.

"Col. French, I believe I have the honor of addressing?" humbly began Jobson.

"The same, sir. Ah! you wish to see me on a little business," replied the Colonel.

"Yes, Colonel, fact is my name is Jobson—Job Jobson, a member of the detective force in this city. I have succeeded in recovering a pocket-book which I find from papers inside belongs to you; here it is, but I am sorry to say that any funds which may have been in it had disappeared ere it came into my possession.

"No matter, Jobson—no matter! Many thanks for your trouble! it was only a trifle—of no consequence at all; accept this as a small return for your services; and the Colonel laid a twenty-dollar gold piece on the table, which the worthy Jobson immediately transferred to the depths of his pantaloons pocket.

"But Colonel," Jobson went on to say, feeling that he was treading on rather delicate ground, "pardon me if I take the liberty of asking you a question or two relative to an important matter. I observe in one of these notes mention is made of the name of Miss Herbert."

"Miss Herbert! what of her?" cried the Colonel, starting to his feet, "has anything been heard of her? have you read this note?" and he opened the pocket-book and took it out.

"On my word, no!" exclaimed Jobson, "I have not; neither has anything been heard of that young lady. I *was* in hopes"——

"And do you usually," interrupted the Colonel, eyeing Jobson keenly while with seeming carelessness he tore up the note into small pieces and dropped them into the grate, "make yourself acquainted with the contents of all the correspondence you find or come across in packets entrusted to your care?"

"Well, Colonel, you see it's part of my duty," said Jobson, who with blank amazement had been watching the destruction of the paper and his hopes at the same time; "and I thought if you could you might assist me in this case."

"Mr. Jobson, I am, as perhaps you are aware, an old friend of the Herbert family, and would be glad indeed, if it lay in my power, to assist in the restoration of Miss Herbert to her friends. That note was from an acquaintance of mine, who knowing my intimacy with that family, and taking a deep interest in them for my sake, was kind enough to inquire if anything had transpired in her favor. If, Mr. Jobson, anything should come to my knowledge at any time which I should deem likely to aid you in your search, I shall not fail to communicate with you. Good morning!"

The Colonel rang the bell, and in a few seconds the astute Mr. Jobson found himself standing on the side walk trying to find out the sum total of his information. Discovering that that amounted to something closely approaching to a cypher, he began first to doubt as to whether or not there wasn't a screw loose somewhere, and then came to the conviction that he himself—Job Jobson, to wit—was a most consummate ass, and had made a downright fool of himself.

The Colonel was much of the same opinion regarding him, but was considerate enough to keep it to himself, thus sparing Jobson one additional pang—the loss of the ten thousand dollars was an expensive enough lesson for one occasion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AQUATIC AND OTHER SPORTS IN HALIFAX.

On the 9th inst., the people of Halifax, N. S., held a general gala and holiday, the main occasion being a grand regatta, and a multitude of minor aquatic contests in the harbor. The first event that produced a contest was that of the Fishing Whalers, 4 oars; prize, $25—ended in a dispute about style of boat. First class Fishing Sail Boats, $30, won by the Daring, by Andrew Gray. 2d class do., $20, won by Richard Smith, with the Tipton Slasher. Gigs, 4 oars, open to the world, $60; 4 entries, won by the Leveret, Jas. Pryor's crew. Man of War Cutters, $12, 7 entries; won by the 12 oared cutter of H. M. S. Nile. Gig race, 4 oared, $20, young men under 21; won by the Faugh a Ballagh, R. Sheppard's crew. Man of War Launches, $20, won by the 1st Launch of the Nile. Gigs, 4 oared, by mechanics, $30; won by the Cygnet, Edward Carey's crew. Jolly Boats, 4 oars, from merchant ships, $12; won by the Osprey, J. Sheppard's crew. Gigs, 4 oared, by officers of the army and navy, $30; won by the Cygnet, entered by Lieut. Trotter, R. N. Fishing Flats, 2 pair paddles, $12; won by the Dart, entered by Chas. Major. Gigs, 4 oared, by soldiers of the garrison, $15; won by the Cygnet, Corporal Norman's crew. Squaw race, in birch bark canoes, $7, $4, $2, to 1st, 2d, and 3d in. Gigs, 4 oared, gentlemen amateurs (civilians), $30; won by the Neptune, Wm. Roach's crew. Indian canoe race (men), $8, $5, $2; eight entries. A number of events, and of a variety, spirit, and excellence, we do not remember of having ever been equalled. The liberality of the management, too, is most praiseworthy. No wonder the people of Halifax, and the surrounding region, proclaimed high holiday. But the principal event round which all these lesser acts circled, was

THE YACHT RACE.

This was the Royal Halifax Yacht Club's great regatta for its 1st and 2d class challenge cups. The day was favorable for sailing craft, there being a brisk but steady breeze from the north and northeast. The following yachts entered for the contest:—Mosquito, Foam, Thought, Falcon, Kate, Petrel, and the Ada; the Foam and Falcon, however, did not contest the race. The sailing of all the yachts is spoken of as very fine and spirited, and all were skilfully handled by their commanders. The first class cup was won by the Petrel, W. Hare, Esq., the second, by the Ada, Col. Langley, 16th Regt.

The humorous part of the *fete* was furnished by a band of mock minstrels, costumed to an excess of ridiculousness, from the ship Nile; and a greased pig chase, and pole climbing, with more than 50 competitors. The festivities were wound up in the evening by a grand instrumental concert in the Horticultural Society's Garden, and a display of fireworks. The weather was not, altogether, of the most propitious character, the morning especially opening with heavy showers; a fine breeze, near noon, clearing them away; and the evening, again, being damp and cool. However, multitudes turned out and witnessed and enjoyed the sports with a keen relish.

THE LATEST LOVE LETTER.—The following sentimental love letter was picked up by one of our soldiers on a western battle field. After a little study it will be found that it ascends into poetry, inspired no doubt, by the ardor of the fair writer's affections:—

MADUSON, Arkansas,
Co. of Madusons.

MI DEAR MI lov MI Dearest Dear it is with great pleasure that I take the pleasure of writing you a few sweet lines I feel at a lost to know how to explain my love to you i love you so well O what shall I do the girls all thinks so much of you that i dont no hardly what to do tha are alwais a nockin about i am so fraid tha will cut me out the roses red the see is deep god knows i sum to dance the whedley wheat i had a little pig his was duble jointed O yes if i dont git disappointed true as the appese grows on the tree i will have you and i no you will have me the time i think so long to tarry before me and you can marry come along my sweet boy dont be alarmed pap ses he will giv us a farm pap he has got a heep of sheep and in your arms i no i will sleep O god what a happy time i am yourn and you are mine i would think hit not amiss for you to send me a hug and a kiss and when we marry you may me sis and when Jeff Davis bloes the peace trumpet lord god how we will humpet so no more at present but god bless you and that will do my hand is sad my pen is bad when you get home i will jump like dad good by sir

ELIZABETH H DENNIS

to JOHN R CHEEK the side of a kiss

A POEM BY THE BARONESS.—

As time doth change,
So my Prices Lower,
They are not the same,
As in Days of Yore.

ABOUT SO.—An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting heard a young Friend make the following announcement:—"Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord."

"Och, 'n ye are," said Pat; "faith an' be jabers, an' it'll be a long time afore ye'll see yer father-in-law!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN OFFICE.—The traditional schoolmaster has been abroad for a long time, but at last has brought up as a veritable office-holder in Saugerties. His latest effort was to issue an official notice forbidding the dwellers in that borough "to bathe or swim (in a *nood* state) in the public waters."

WHAT "SUCCORING" MEANS.—When Bishop Bloomfield was incumbent of Chesterford, he once asked a school girl, "What do you mean by succoring your father and mother?" "Giving on on 'em milk!" was the reply.

OPEN CONFESSION.—An exchange comes to us with a notice that "Truth" is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the up country editor, who said:—"For the evil effects of intoxicating drink, see our inside."

WORSE THAN RIDING "ASTRADDLE."—An exchange, describing a new counterfeit, says the vignette is "A female *seated* on each side of a shield!" Her position must be very uncomfortable and embarrassing.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINSTREL BOY.—1. It is not necessary to have the usual number of officers that a dramatic association has. 2. There is nothing applied to the face before using the burnt cork. 3. You could not get along very well, even in small towns, without at least eight people. 4. You would want bones, tambo, 1st violin, double base, flute or cornet, banjo, guitar or triangle. 5. That kind of costume can only be obtained from the private wardrobe.

TWO EM QUAD, Three Rivers, Mich.—We know of no way to answer your questions but by application to the U. S. Ordinance Department, at an outlay of time and labor utterly inconsistent with our other duties. Besides the delays to which we should inevitably be subjected, it would be doubtful if the officers would be at any pains to impart the information, as a mere matter of curiosity.

JAS. DORAN, Bordentown, N. J.—We cannot decide the question whether soldiers who have enlisted for three years or the war, will be discharged at the expiration of three years, or not. It is held by some that they are liable as long as the war lasts, while others contend that they cannot be held beyond the three years. It is a nice point, and will have to be settled by "the honest Abe" and his advisers.

CLEVELAND.—Gen. McClellan is not in the field just now; he has had no command since he was ordered to Trenton, after winning the battle of Antietam, and driving Lee's army out of Maryland. It is only a wonder to us that Gen. Meade has not been relieved in like manner, after beating the rebels at Gettysburg, and compelling them to "cross over" again.

HANS, Reading, Pa.—1. We know very few of our advertisers personally, hence we are unable to endorse their character for integrity. Will call the party's attention to the matter, however. Perhaps it would be well for your friend to write to Mr. Watson again. 2. Your complimentary remarks have swelled our bump of self esteem "about a feet."

J. B., Alexandria, Va.—1. If A could show "a full" he was entitled to the stakes, no matter what part of his hand he may have previously called. 2. The knave of the trump suit is the best Euchre card. 3. In cutting for deal at All Fours, the lowest takes it, the ace being the lowest card.

GEO. G., Colchester, Ill.—1. Frank Leslie did print and publish a paper in London at the time of the Farnborough Fight. 2. There were four newspapers who had reporters there from this city, so that paper was not the only one. Everybody knows that we sent a reporter expressly for the CLIPPER.

C. B. C., Ogdensburgh, N. Y.—Your estimate of the cricket match at Prescott, and the claims of the Maple Leaf Club, agrees with our own. They must defeat a properly selected American Juvenile Eleven before their claim will hold good.

C. O., Washington, D. C.—J. C. Heenan is married, the name of the lady being Sara Stevens. They are living at Brighton, Eng., at present. Miss Stevens is an actress, and performed in this city a year or two ago.

PUTTY, Newark, N. J.—Bet your money on the man of your own choice; were we to advise you we should lay ourselves open to the charge of partiality. For that reason we never bet our own money or that of "any other man."

L. A. S.—A man does not lose a prize battle through being knocked outside of the ropes. If he voluntarily gets out, however, before the referee's final decision is rendered, he does lose it.

AQUA, Chicago.—Hamill has beaten Ward in a three and a five mile race, and Ward has returned the compliment in a five mile race. Read the CLIPPER.

TWO-AND-A-HALF, Albany.—Andy Fay and Josh Ward were unable to come to terms, and the former's money has been returned to him.

T. B. B., Housdale, Pa.—At dominoes a player may ask the question in regard to who played the last piece, but his opponents may do as they please about replying.

G. W. P., San Francisco.—In playing "Seven-up" if in dealing the same suit is turned up so frequently that the cards run out, they should be bunched and a new deal follow.

B. G. H.—You are not very explicit, but if we understand you aright, C should play his hand out, and the next deal fall to his left hand neighbor as usual.

BIRMINGHAM HOUSE, Toronto.—As you will have observed, that branch of sports has been discarded from the CLIPPER for some time.

J. FLETCHER.—Johnny Walker never fought Jack Jones of Portsmouth. He once fought and defeated a William Jones, however.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—Each and every member of a stock company has a fixed salary. Supernumeraries are paid only by the performance.

DENNIS J. G., Boston.—The gentleman you inquire after is still attached to the same establishment, but it is now called the New York Theatre.

SLIM JIM.—Ben Caunt and Bob Caunt were both in this country; Ben never fought a prize fight here, but Bob was beaten in a match with Yankee Sullivan.

J. D. N., Boston.—Your verses are patriotic, but aside from that are not of sufficient merit to be worthy of publication.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—Your question involves private matters with which we have no concern.

IRON CLAD, Chicago.—We have no data by which to answer your question.

SUBSCRIBER, Worcester.—We know nothing of either of the M. D.'s you refer to.

J. A. C., Corinth, Miss.—We have called Mr. W. C. Wemyss' attention to your letter.

NELLIE, Chicago.—1. Mons. Blondin went to Europe in February, 1862. 2. His wife is still living.

W. B., Philadelphia.—It was in 1819 that the first steamer crossed the Atlantic.

J. W., Louisville, Ky.—High and low count before Jack, except when the latter is turned up, and then it is scored at once.

CALIFORNIA.—A and B could hold C responsible for his share of the losses only.

J. E. B., New York.—As the case weighed 50 lbs., and more, A won.

J. D., Georgetown, D. C.—We regret being unable to give you the information.

ONE OF THE BOYS, Boston.—Jimmy Elliott is "only nineteen years old."

CONSTANT READER, Portland, Me.—Jerry Bryant's death took place Monday morning, April 8, 1861.

FRED WILLIAMS, Woburn, Mass.—We have not on hand all the numbers of the CLIPPER containing the poem.

KING OF CLUBS, Philadelphia.—The party who reneged must suffer, and each of his opponents may score one point.

R. P. P., Chicago.—1. Edwin Booth and J. Wilkes Booth are brothers. 2. We are not aware of the lady being married.

UNION, Boston.—Three deuces will beat the highest two pair.

THESPIAN, Norfolk, Va.—Send along the items and *carte de visite*.

R. C. LEVICK, Co. F., Washington, D. C.—Out of print.

PATRICK S. R., Phœnixville.—The three eights rake the pile.

G. W. B., New York.—See answer to Patrick S. R.

S. D. KEHOE.—We have a Washington letter for you.

G. B., N. Y.—We know of no such person in this city.

UNION, Lewiston, Me.—Your friend is correct, we believe.

C. H. D., New Haven.—Ten. O. K.

THE AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The all important question, whether Joshua Ward, of Newburgh, will retain the proud title of Champion Sculler of America in a five mile race, or whether James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, will wrest it from him, is, or was to have been decided this day, Monday, September 28th, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., providing the course shall have been sufficiently smooth for such a contest. As far as can be judged, by the state of the weather in New York, the day and course has been all that heart could wish, the sky being clear, the atmosphere cool, and the gentlest of breezes from about due West, prevailing, so that the course must have been well sheltered by the precipitous hills on the western side of the river. As the race takes place on the day of going to press, we are unable to give a report in full until our next issue, but the following telegram from our special reporter gives the result and time by which it will be seen that

HAMILL IS VICTOR.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 28th, 1863.

"Hamill won handsomely. Judges time—thirty-seven minutes thirty-eight seconds. Referee's time—thirty-eight minutes fifteen seconds. Joe Coburn acted as referee."

The *Evening Express* says:—"Hamill was the victor in thirty-seven minutes fifty-five seconds, *beating Ward out of sight!*" We refrain from comment until further advised.

JOE CLAYTON AND JACK HORN'S RACE OFF.—Owing to a sudden order for the 3d New Jersey Regiment to "git up and git" and march on, the foot race between these two soldier boys is off, so that all bets will have to be drawn. They are to run at some future time.

TWO RETRIEVER DOGS AT A BARGAIN.—Mr. Jake Rooms, of 87 Mercer street has a couple of liver-colored retriever pups, seven months' old, bred from Lord Derby's celebrated dog, Dash. All particulars, with pedigree, etc., may be learned as above.

THE PUGILISTIC CONTEST OF THE AGE.

HEENAN AND KING.

THE war, to a certain extent, overshadows the important match now progressing in England between John C. Heenan and Tom King, but as the time for the settlement of this extraordinary pugilistic contest draws near, the interest in it gradually increases, and the latest news is now anxiously sought for by those who remember the great struggle between Heenan and Sayers, at Farnborough, and who predict even a tougher conflict in December. It should be borne in mind that the Heenan and King match is NOT for the championship of England; neither is it for the champion's belt. It is a match for ten thousand dollars, the largest stake ever fought for in the British prize ring: the only fight that ever took place for such a large amount was that between Hyer and Sullivan, in Maryland, in 1849; such a stake has never been fought for in England, and the approaching engagement will be the second time, anywhere, that the battle money has reached such an extraordinary figure. On the 10th of September, another deposit of £50 a side was made, in accordance with the articles of agreement, and a like sum, no doubt, was posted on the 24th of September.

The match has progressed so quietly, and in such a friendly manner on both sides, that certain parties in New York—who cannot believe any sporting event to be genuine unless the greatest fuss, and noise, and rowdyism are its accompaniments—have insinuated that the great match of Heenan against King is bogus, humbug, and all that sort of thing. Those parties "know not whereof they speak;" they are desirous of creating the impression that they are the Sir Oracles of sporting matters, and that without their confidence and assistance, no event can be genuine. If they are happy in such belief, let them remain so; they can injure no one but themselves. That the match is genuine, admits of not the slightest doubt; if it were otherwise, we should have been advised of it long since, for our sources of public and private information are widespread and reliable, and our readers know that the CLIPPER would be the first to denounce the fraud, were the match other than it purports to be. Should both men enter the ring in December in good health, we may look for news of a terrific battle. Heenan was not present at the Goss and Mace fight; he purposed going there, but his friends thought it would be imprudent, and as there was a large portion of the stakes already up, he concluded not to throw a chance away, and so he remained at home. He is at Brighton, where he has a private house, where he resides with his wife, and where he will leave her while he is training; he has been bathing and doing a little work, and never felt better. He will commence his regular training on the 1st of October, at Newmarket, and will thenceforward continue his work until the day fixed for the contest is reached. Neither is King idle: he has also been doing a little work preparatory to entering upon the severe labor incidental to a thorough training. Where he will take up his quarters, we have not been informed; his friends are paying every attention to his interests, and it will be no fault of theirs, if he is not up to the desired mark in December.

Mace, we see, intimates a desire to fight the winner in the forthcoming tournay, and if he does not change his mind when that affair comes off it is probable that his wish may be gratified, although we have no authority for making such announcement. In the meantime, the CLIPPER will endeavor to give its readers the earliest and most reliable news concerning the progress of the great pugilistic match of the age.

THE LATEST FOREIGN SPORTING NEWS.

A short time before going to press, we received later foreign sporting intelligence, the substance of which we here append. .....A GALLANT MILL took place on Sept. 15th, for £200, between the two light weights, Peter Morris and Morris Roberts. They fought 22 rounds in the first ring and 19 in the second (41 in all) when the referee decided in favor of Peter Morris, because, after repeated warnings, Roberts fell on his knees deliberately. The fight lasted two hours and 41 minutes.....SMITH AND BURGESS fought on the 15th of September for £25 a side. Smith won in 41 rounds, occupying 53 minutes.....YOUNG NIXEY AND TOMMY REYES fought in the same ring as Smith and Burgess for £10. Nixey won in 22 rounds, lasting 32 minutes.....A GREAT SINGLE WICKET CRICKET MATCH by Tom Lockyer and Tom Sewell against the three brothers Payne was played at Croydon, on the 14th and 15th of September, which the latter won by two wickets. THE TYNE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP was again rowed for, on September 12th, by Chambers and Kelley, Cooper declining to take a hand in, he having taken legal proceedings to enforce his claim. In this last race Chambers was declared winner: although Kelley lodged a claim of foul against Chambers. It looks to us as though Chambers was to win anyhow.....The above is all the news of interest to CLIPPER readers. We regret being unable to give the details of the Morris and Roberts fight in full, but as they would displace some three columns of equally or more important matter, we are compelled to reserve them for our next issue.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The time for deciding whether John Seereiter, of Detroit, can wrest the proud title of "Billiard Champion of America" from Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, is almost here, and the third issue of the CLIPPER after the present, will, bar accident, contain the result and particulars. The antecedents of both men have been so frequently published by us, that our readers must be pretty well posted in regard to their respective capabilities with the cue by this time. The fact that Kavanagh is the reigning monarch of the billiard world gives a slight call in his favor in betting circles; but because of that it must not be set down as a sure thing that he is to win. In regard to Seereiter, we learn, indirectly, that he is getting wonderfully well up in his part, and will be able, on the evening of October 15th, to give Kavanagh the cue in the most approved style. He keeps shrewdly quiet, however, about his achievements, and we have heard little or nothing about those marvellously large counts that have been heralded as astonishers by the friends of former aspirants to cue-rious honors. This modesty is commendable, and gives an idea of strength rather than weakness. Kavanagh is pursuing the same wise course, and at his billiard palace, on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street, may almost any evening be seen trying to improve his already masterly skill in executing caroms, etc. He exhibits wisdom, too, in not allowing his former well earned successes to imbue him with that overweening confidence that is, in nine cases out of ten, the prelude to disaster. The conduct of both men, therefore, leads to the opinion that their forthcoming match will be contested in the most determined manner, and if we mistake not, it will prove most intensely exciting to speculators and spectators. We look for but few long counts, as each man, knowing the shrewdness of his opponent, will risk nothing for the sake of display; on the contrary, both will, no doubt, play a close game, and consummate skill will be the feature of the encounter.

BETTING ON THE WAR.—The people of England are a great betting people, and everything that engages public attention serves as the subject for a wager. Just now they are betting on events in the American war, the taking of Richmond and Washington being the most fancied. It is said that large sums of money changed hands when Vicksburg fell, the Londoners laying heavy odds that the Yankees would not capture it; the betting gentlemen who fell with that stronghold, are not so venturesome now as they have heretofore been, and when they shall have heard all the news from Charleston, about the Greek fire, *et cetera*, it is probable they will hold up altogether.

"THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR," as it was called, was rather a foul affair, even the weather operating against its success. Few persons knew anything about this "National" show until a day or two before the opening, the committee, very unwisely, withholding their announcements and programme until it was too late to attract public attention. It was a poorly managed show throughout, and no doubt "made much expenses" for the "influential gentlemen" who were its projectors. It was not quite such a failure, however, as that Fourth of July racing meeting which the horse chap got up here in 1862. That *was* a bad go. We believe it annihilated the manager, for we have not heard of him since in these parts.

ENTERING THE LISTS.—Johnny Bull and the "Nephew of his Uncle" have been very fussy ever since the Southern rebellion commenced, both parties taking sides with the rebels, and acting towards the North in a very "sassy" and "belligerent" manner. Russia now seems desirous of having a hand in the fun; and to make things a little more even, proposes to show that "two on one side aint fair," by tackling one of the "confederates." Things begin to look lively, and it is possible that there may be a free fight all around before "this cruel war is over."

THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR was held at Yonkers, last week, and was moderately well attended. We were present on Wednesday, the 23d, and were gratified with the sight of some first class specimens of the equine, bovine and porcine species of the animal kingdom. The other departments having been delayed in their preparation by the equinoctial storm, and the difficulty experienced in getting laborers to fix things, we found but little to interest us, excepting some fine specimens of grapes and pears. We have no doubt, however, that everything was ship-shape on the remaining days of the fair.

BALL PLAY.

A GRAND MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

ATLANTIC VS. MUTUAL—THE BROOKLYN CLUB VICTORS.

THE contests for the Championship are rapidly being narrowed down to the last game of the season, there now being but two or three to be played to settle the question for this year. The third and test game of the home and home series between the Atlantic and Mutual clubs came off on the enclosed grounds of the St. George Cricket Club, an admission fee of ten cents being charged on the occasion, the proceeds going to Harry Wright for his benefit, in lieu of a match between New York and Brooklyn, which the rain of the previous week had prevented. A numerous assemblage was present, there being at least two thousand.

The St. George cricket ground, with its smooth and level turfy field, is admirably adapted for ball play as far as the in-fielding is concerned; but the sloping of the outer field plays the mischief with calculations for making catches or stopping hard hit balls. Had the home base, in this game been low, some fifty feet nearer the stone wall, and more in front of the club house than it was, a better out field would have been afforded the players. As it was, the right field was made a capital place to hit balls in order to make third and home bases on.

It was 2 P. M. before the game was commenced, the delay being caused by the absence of one or two of the Mutual nine, who should certainly have made some effort to be present in time on this all-important occasion. In consequence of the dilatory action of the absentees, the Mutuals were obliged to go into the contest with a team less efficient as a whole than any they have played against the Atlantic or Eckford clubs this season. Beard, Mott, and Hunt, were not on hand in time, and consequently less effective players had to be substituted, although Dewey's play was just as good as that of any one that would have taken his place.

At 2:5 P. M. the Mutuals went to the bat, Brown being the first to face the pitching of Chapman. Every man of the Atlantic nine on this occasion was the right man in the right place. Brown was the first victim, Anson Taylor being the second. Wansley, however, marked his batting with a splendid hit to left field which Price failed to attend to, Wansley making a home run in consequence, amidst the loudest kind of cheers of the Mutual crowd. McKever followed with a hit to Chapman, who took the ball well on the bound, one run being the result of the innings play.

It was now the Atlantic's turn to bat, and all were on the *qui vive* to see how they would open play. A good disposition was made of the Mutuals in the field, save in the instance of Goldie. His place is either at centre or left field, and Campbell at 1st base, for Goldie is the best fielder in the club, and Campbell attends to 1st base as well as is needful. Pearce was the first striker, and by an error in fielding of Goldie's he secured his 1st base on his hit. Smith was next, and a wild throw of McKever's gave him his second; Start followed, and he also secured his base by a misplay. It being evident now that the Mutuals were not in their usual fine trim for play, their opponents, on the contrary, playing throughout as if fully confident of success. Price was the next striker, and he hit the ball in the old Atlantic style to left field, easily making his second base on it, and this being followed by a fine hit from Crane, Taylor letting the ball pass him as Price had done, gave the Atlantics four runs, Crane getting to his 3d base by his hit. Joe Oliver followed Crane's example, and by good running reached home before the ball, six runs being recorded for the Atlantics and "nary an out." Chapman was next, and he was well put out at 1st base by McMahon and Goldie, the former first missing the ball on the bound. Runs were afterwards made by Pratt, Galvin, Smith—he getting a clean home run from a splendid hit to left field—Start, Price, Crane, and Joe Oliver, both of the latter getting home runs from good hits to right and centre fields, the last named six players, including Pearce, having two chances each at the bat. Pearce being a victim of McMahon's and Goldie's at 1st base, and Chapman going out on a bound tip, well taken by Wansley. Thirteen runs for the Atlantics was the result of the batting in this innings, the totals being 13 to 1 in their favor.

This result, of course, had an immediate effect on the betting market, the backers of the mutuals, in a majority of cases, putting it down as a lost game for their favorite club, though they still hoped for something to turn up. But when at the close of the third innings the totals were shown to be 20 to 3 in favor of the Atlantic nine, no doubt of the ultimate result of the match could longer be entertained, and consequently betting almost ceased, except on the result of individual play at the bat. It is needless to comment further on the details of this game, suffice it to say that the Atlantics outfielded, and certainly outbatted their opponents in nearly every innings; though in spite of the lead the Atlantics had obtained, the Mutuals still fought bravely to the close. Of the most noteworthy instances of good fielding in the game, we have specially to name a splendid fly catch of Crane's, and also one on the bound by Start; Galvin, too, took a bound catch finely in the 3d innings; Goldie's activity and effective catching in the outer field was also similarly praiseworthy. In batting, Smith led the Atlantic score, Price being second and Galvin third. Crane and Joe Oliver marked their batting with two home runs each. On behalf of the mutuals, Dewey was the most successful in batting, McMahon being second, and Brown third, the two latter and Wansley getting home runs.

The Mutuals, in this game, changed the position of their players no less than four times, being at least three times too many; the only advantageous changes made being in the cases of Goldie to the field and Wansley to pitch, 29 runs being scored off McKever's pitching in this game in four innings play. Mr. Pennington discharged the duties of umpire with thorough impartiality.

At the close of the game both nines adjourned to the club house, where they partook of a hot supper provided for them by Harry Wright, after which a most friendly interchange of sentiments took place, lots of hearty cheers closing the proceedings.

We have specially to commend both clubs for their very creditable conduct in this important match, the Atlantics for forbearance under the insulting taunts many of their players were subjected to at the hands of the outside roughs, and the Mutuals for the graceful good humor in which they bore their defeat. The final result, we are glad to learn, has been the entire restoration of the good feeling that formerly marked the intercourse of these fine clubs. The score.—

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H.L.	RUNS	ATLANTIC.	H.L.	RUNS
Brown, 2d b	3	3	Pearce, c	5	3
Taylor, r f	4	2	Smith, 3d b	2	7
Wansley, c	3	1	Start, 1st b	4	4
McKever, p	5	0	Price, r f	1	6
McMahon, 3d b	2	3	Crane, c f	2	5
Campbell, c f	3	2	Oliver, l f	4	4
Dewey, s s	1	4	Chapman, p	4	3
Zeller, l f	2	2	Pratt, s s	4	4
Goldie, 1st b	4	1	Galvin, 2d b	1	6
Total		18	Total		42

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	1	2	0	3	0	1	6	3	2—18
Atlantic	13	3	4	4	1	0	4	7	6—42

Umpire—Mr. Pennington, of the Eureka club, Newark.
Scorers—Messrs. McConnell and Mowlem.
Passed balls—Wansley, 1; McMahon, 5; Brown, 5; Pearce, 4.
Home runs—Smith, 2; Crane, 2; Joe Oliver, 2; Pratt, 1; Price, 1—total, 8. Brown, 1; Wansley, 1; McMahon, 1—total, 3.
Struck out—Oliver, 1; Taylor, 1; Campbell, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Mutuals, 6 times; Atlantics, 5 times.
Put out at first base—Mutuals, 5 times: Atlantics, 7 times.
Fly catches made—Wansley, 1; Campbell, 1; Goldie, 1; Pearce, 2; Chapman, 2; Start, 1; Crane, 1.
Catches missed—McMahon, 4; Brown, 2; Campbell, 1; Taylor, 1; Dewey, 1; Pearce, 1; Joe Oliver, 1; Crane, 1.
Left on bases—Wansley, 2; McKever, 1; McMahon, 1; Zeller, 1; Campbell, 1; Pearce, 1; Price, 1; Crane, 1; Chapman, 1; Galvin, 1,
Time of game—four hours.

BALTIC VS. MYSTIC.—These clubs played their first match together on the ball grounds at 63d street and 3d avenue, New York, on Monday, Sept. 21st, the result being a signal victory for the Mystics by a score of 22 to 3 in a quickly played game of nine innings. This was the first regular match the Baltics have been engaged in since 1860, and the game, considering their want of practice, was a very creditable one to them, for the totals in the score do not give a fair idea of the match, the Mystics only scoring nine runs after the first innings, the 13 they then obtained spoiling the looks of the score considerably. The play on both sides in a majority of the innings, was very good indeed, especially that of Haines, W. Kelley, Ranson, and D. Kelley of the Mystics, and Estes, Andaviese, and Kettleman of the Baltics. The pitching on both sides, too, was effective. In batting, W. Kelley led the score on the winning side, De Forest, Kettleman and Estes being the only players that scored runs on the Baltic side.

We noticed that the umpire, though he gave satisfactory decisions in nearly every case, failed in one instance—in calling a baulk on the pitcher when the striker was not in a position to strike. We observed, also, that Haines made motions with his bat to baulk the catcher in taking balls from the pitcher when a player was on his base, this style of play rendering Haines liable to be given out under the rule which forbids any one hindering a player from fielding the ball. As long as the movement made is a legitimate effort to strike, or to prepare for striking, it is fair play, but not as Haines did it. This style of play has been frequently resorted to without any notice being taken of it. Another circumstance worthy of remark was that of the umpire calling a foul ball when the ball glanced from the striker's bat without any effort being made to strike. The rule makes a ball foul when from "a *stroke of the bat*" it hits the ground behind the line of the bases. Now when a player hits the ball with the bat in an effort to avoid it, it is just as much a stroke of the bat as if he had struck at it as far as foul balls are concerned, and we therefore think the decision made, in this case, a correct one. We comment thus on these points, for the instruction of young players mainly. The score of the game is as follows:—

BATTING.

BALTIC.	H.L.	RUNS	MYSTIC.	H.L.	RUNS
Deforest, c	2	1	T Kelley, 2d b	2	4
Kingsland, 2d b	4	0	W Kelley, c	0	4
Kettleman, 1st b	3	1	Manson, 3d b	5	1
Andariese, s s	5	0	Haines, s s	2	3
Stewart, 3d b	3	0	Gray, l f	5	2
Estes, l f	2	1	Williams, p	4	2
Fortner, p	3	0	Reynolds, r f	4	2
Bush, c f	3	0	D Kelley, 1st b	2	2
White, r f	2	0	Bridge, c f	3	2
Total		3	Total		22

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Baltic	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—3
Mystic	13	0	1	0	3	3	2	0	0—22

Umpire—Mr. T. Dalton, of the Henry Eckford club.
Scorers—Messrs. Bolin and Welsh.
Passed balls—Andariese, 10; Deforest, 5; W Kelley, 2.
Struck out—Williams, 1; Gray, 1.
Run out—T Kelley, by Kettleman.
Put out on foul balls—Mystics, 3 times; Baltics, 3 times.
Put out at first base—Mystics, 3 times; Baltics, 9 times.
Fly catches made—Andariese, 3; Stewart, 3; Fortner, 1; Kingsland, 1; Bush, 1—total, 9. Reynolds, 1; Haines, 1; Williams, 3; W Kelley, 1—total, 6.
Catches missed—Williams, 1; Bridge, 1; Andariese, 2; Deforest, 1; Fortner, 2; Bush, 1; White, 2.
Time of game—two hours and twenty-five minutes.

EXCELSIOR VS NEWARK—These clubs played their return game, at South Brooklyn, on the 23d of September, when another victory for the Excelsiors ensued, by a score of 19 to 17. Neither club was out in its strength, but the sides were tolerably equal. For Newark we have to speak favorably of the play of Mills, Osborne, Buckley, Eaton, Stackman, and Lewis, the fielding of Eaton, at third base, and Mills, at first base, being especially good. In batting, Eaton took the lead, Coleman being second. Osborne and Lewis made fine hits, on which home runs were made. On the Excelsior side, the play of the two Brainards and of Flanly and Whiting were the most noteworthy instances of good fielding. Cole, at short field, too, played remarkably well, considering his long absence from base ball play. In batting, the Brainards and Cline were the most successful, H. Brainard getting a clear home run from a fine hit in the eighth innings. Mr. Chapman ably acted as umpire, giving his decisions promptly and impartially. Of course the Newarkers were the recipients of the usual hospitalities extended to their guests by the liberal Excelsiors, and, in spite of their defeat, enjoyed the very pleasant game they had with their gentlemanly opponents. The score:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	RUNS	NEWARK.	H.L.	RUNS
Whiting, 1st b	2	2	Mills, 1st b	6	0
Langley, r f	3	2	Thorne, c f	3	2
H Brainard, c	2	3	Osborne, c	4	1
Masters, 3d b	4	1	Lewis, l f	3	2
A Brainard, p	2	3	Terrell, 2d b	3	2
Cline, l f	2	3	Coleman, r f	2	3
Young, c f	5	1	Eaton, 3d b	1	4
Cole, s s	4	2	Stockton, s s	3	1
Flanly, 2d b	3	2	Buckley, p	2	2
Total		19	Total		17

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	0	7	1	2	5	2	0	2	0—19
Newark	0	4	1	3	2	0	0	4	3—17

FRANK QUEEN B. B. C. VS. SYLVAN.—The last game of the season between these Albany clubs was played on Sept. 17th, when the F. Q.'s were again victorious—they have only lost one game out of six during the season. Buckingham, Presley, and Good, distinguished themselves for the F. Q.'s—Hunt and Starr, being equally good on the part of the Sylvans. The score:—

BATTING.

FRANK QUEEN.	H.L.	RUNS	SYLVAN.	H.L.	RUNS
Barton	2	5	Hunt	3	3
Presley	4	4	Starr	4	3
Conklin	2	5	Smith	2	3
Good	2	4	Waters	5	1
Buckingham	2	4	Crooker	2	3
Wilmurt	5	1	Johnson	4	2
Sanford	2	3	Whaly	4	1
Purdy	5	1	Briggs	2	3
Winslow	3	3	White	1	4
Total		30	Total		23

Umpire—Geo. White, of the Etna.
Scorers—Messrs. Starr and Hubbell.

THE GRAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR BASE BALL MATCH.—There is to be a lively time of it on the last day of the Agricultural Fair, now open at Goshen, Orange County, New York, when a grand base ball match, for a silver ball offered by the Society, between the Hudson River club, of Newburgh, and the Resolute club, of Brooklyn, is to be played.

BASE BALL IN COLLEGE.—The ball match at Tufts College, Mass., recently noticed by us, has proved the incentive to another game. The then victorious Sophs. on this occasion encountered a nine selected from all the other classes, and in turn had to submit to defeat to the extent of All College scoring 49 to their 18, only.

CRICKET.

THE CUYP TESTIMONIAL.—We are glad to learn that a grand cricket match is in progress of arrangement as a complimentary testimonial to the veteran bowler and cricketer, Cuyp, who has been for so many years such an ardent supporter of cricket. Fortune now frowns upon him, and as a mere acknowledgement of his services in the interest of the game, and his willingness at all times to lend his assistance as a cricketer to benefit others who have had testimonials given to them, it is but justice that a similar mark of esteem should be bestowed on friend Cuyp. In reference to the manner of arranging this proposed match, we would beg to offer a few suggestions in regard to the subject, one of which is that "if 'twere done well 'twere done quickly." Another suggestion we would put forward. Let two sets of tickets—with a photograph of Cuyp on one side—be issued, one at 25 cents and one at a dollar, the latter entitling the holder to a seat at the dinner table at the club house. More tickets would undoubtedly be sold in this way than any other plan that could be adopted.

In reference to the selection of the elevens, let each of the prominent clubs of New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, send three or four of their best players, and from these let eleven be drawn by lot, the first eleven to be captained by Cuyp, and the second by any one he might select. Or if the drawing by lot be objected to, let Cuyp himself select the players from the party of delegates sent from the several clubs. However, the arrangement of the elevens is but a secondary matter. Let every man who promises to play deposit $1 as surety for his appearance, the same to be forfeited to the benefit fund if he fails to attend. However matters may be arranged, we trust the testimonial will be as pecuniarily beneficial to Cuyp as it will be complimentary.

CRICKET IN NEW ENGLAND.—The annual match of the Boston and Lowell Cricket Clubs was played on the ground of the former at East Cambridge, on the 19th ult., and was witnessed by a goodly gathering of interested spectators. The Lowell Club won the toss and sent their opponents to the wickets, and before the last man was out 90 had been scored, Blanchard and Cashman leading in the figures. Emmot and Williams were the bowlers on the Lowell side, the former succeeding in taking four wickets. The Lowell gentlemen then took the bat, but the bowling of Martin and O'Brien was too much for them, the last wicket going down for a score of 48, the only double figures being got by Molihan. After dinner had been partaken of, the Boston Club commenced their second innings and ran up a score of 146 by some splendid playing, Mr. Draper carrying out his bat with the handsome score of 63. It was so late when the last wicket fell that the Lowell Club could not continue the play and the match was therefore decided on the first innings, the ball, the trophy of victory, being handed to the Boston Club with appropriate remarks.

AN INTERESTING ONE HUNDRED YARDS SPIN took place, for $100 a side, on September 23d, at Squire Finlay's Exercising Ground, on the Bloomingdale Road, near 72d street, between James McCabe, of New York, and Frank Printy, of Greenpoint. At precisely 4 P. M. they started off like "Injuns" before the pistol had sent forth its report; they heard it "click" and couldn't wait for anything more, putting on a full head of steam and running almost side by side until near the line, when McCabe, by a pretty spurt, shot ahead and breasted the tape just one yard in advance of the Teutonic-American. Of course, an objection was raised by Printy's friends that the pistol didn't go off, and with the utmost nonchalance, McCabe replied, "We'll have to try again, Frank." The first had proved so interesting that it looked as though Printy might pull through the second heat. In this his backers were doomed to a heavy reverse of luck, for McCabe had the race completely in his own hands, leading the gallant little Printy some six or seven yards, thus winning the race and money. On the 24th he called at the CLIPPER office and received "them $200."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. J. Reynolds, J. T. Raymond, J. G. Hanley, Ned. Foster. H. T. Mudge, J. E. Green, J. Livingston, W. S. Russell, W. H. Donaldson, Master Lewis Walters, Miss Kate Selden, Frank Forrest, Frank Wyant, L. M. W. Steere, Wilkes Booth, and W. H. Cook.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 28, 1863.

The tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, as Shakespeare says, leads on to fortune, has reached our professional friends, and managers and people are now riding on to the goal of prosperity and wealth. Such business as our theatres are now doing, astonishes even the most hopeful. Broadway and the Bowery are nightly crowded with pleasure seekers, and between those hours when theatres yawn and boarding houses vomit forth their thousands of hash eaters, the principal thoroughfares are almost impassable, such is the dense throngs that occupy them. They push their way along, elbowing this one, bumping against that one, and crushing crinoline into all imaginable shapes and sizes: but the women folks don't mind it; why should they? Are they not on the way to the theatre, where the crowd is still more dense? And does not the pleasing vision of oysters and other refreshments loom up before them at the close of the show? Aye, aye! the play's the thing, and the supper is the revivifying dessert that makes up the *finale* of the evening feast, and prepares the *habitues* for a return, on the morrow, to the labors and bad boarding house dinners that New York flesh is heir to. The metropolis is different from most places—its people will be gay and happy, if it takes the last shot in the locker, and leaves them without a cop. They are a go-ahead community—there is no lack of alacrity about them—they spend their money freely, and go to work for more. Amusements are abundant—patrons are numerous, and money is floating around loose; every manager ought to make a small fortune this season; it's their own fault if they do not; let them continue to provide good fare, and the people will crowd their festive halls every time......From over the sea we hear that sweet Agnes Robinson is coming back again. She is ever welcome, for she has afforded us many an hour of real enjoyment by her natural style of acting. We are a little down on her husband, Dion Boucicault, for pandering to the tastes of rebel sympathisers in London, and flying the rebel kite or flag on his theatre in that city. He made a hundred thousand dollars in the Northern States, while here, and was always well-treated and liberally patronised. He forgot us when he left us, and hoisted the confederate rag. But it brought him to grief, for misfortune soon after overtook him, and in a year or two he was a bankrupt. It taught him a lesson, perhaps; he *may* profit by it; he seeks to conciliate his Northern friends, and to this end he thinks of sending his charming little wife over here as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary. We don't think Boucy will go back on us again, should he be taken into the fold. We'll apply a verse to him that we were taught in our school boy days:—

"If he had money and a friend,
As once he had before,
He'd keep his money and his friend,
And play the fool no more."

But we may let up on him for Aggy's sake, for she is a brick. We'll apply a verse to her, expressive of our feelings and tender regard for the Scotch lassie:—

"Dinna ask us gin we luve thee,
Deed we darena tell;
Dinna ask us gin we luve thee,
Ask it o' yoursel."

So come along Agnes, dear, make no delay, we'll give you a chance to shine again, on our beautiful Broadway......The "ghost" is not played out yet, for it still occupies several of our theatres and musical halls; and only to think that this *new* ghost is now discovered to be more than three hundred years old, which is another evidence that there is nothing new under the sun; and Mr. Pepper has only got hold of a thing salted down for three centuries. It is a seasonable production, however, and serves to make a variety in our theatrical programme. ..... Quite an army of operatic people are arriving in the city, and everything betokens the busy note of preparation for the season soon to commence. Horns are being brightened, trombones cleaned up, old fiddles restrung, and instruments of every hue and tone "renovated and otherwise improved" for the good time coming. Max Maretzek leads off at the Academy, early in October. He is certainly a courageous man; he has had more ups and downs in the operatic world than any other "impressario" "known to the Court." He has lost half a dozen fortunes, if not his own, why then the fortunes of others; still he returns to the assault; he cannot stay repulsed; he has a love for the opera which cannot be wiped out by disasters or reverses. He would make a good Brigadier, for he is a skilful tactician, and plays his points with ability and courage. He has managed all sorts of opera companies—refractory and obedient, rebellious and docile; he has tackled hungry Frenchmen, and overfed Italians; he has confronted whole bands of conspiring Dutch fiddlers, and mastered them with lager bier and Switzer cheese; he has had hospitals of invalid tenors and prima donnas to take care of, and he has brought them to health by a show of dollars. Notwithstanding the reverses he has met with, the insubordination and demoralization of his forces, and the losses he is supposed to have sustained, he comes again with a rush, and is prepared to go the whole hog this time, or perish in the attempt. Let the persevering Max have a good show; let the codfish and shoddy aristocracy harmonise on one common platform, and vow that while "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the price of the opera is so much less, it is their bounden duty to support Max and his irrepressible crew of hungry and thirsty operatives......We are promised a couple of novelties this week, one being the appearance in English drama of the magnificent contralto, Vestvali. If looks alone could pull a performer through, Vestvali would go it with a rush, for she is lovely, she's divine; her limbs are "models of perfection," and her face and form the very embodiment of beauty. She's perkoon, sure; and it's not odds that she will fail, although things don't look altogether gorgeous for her; she will either make a big strike, or fall heavily; besides her luscious legs, distracting bust, and beautiful face, she sings with much "fluency," and that is another point in her favor; but whether she will be able to keep up the shake in the speaking portions of the play she is to appear in, is another matter. Let the dear public be lenient to this ambitious child of song. The other novelty will confront us in the person of that great showman and exhibitor of "wax figgers," the immaculate and untamed Artemus Ward. He threatens to enliven his conscripted constituency by showing them *his* ghost, how it is done, what for, etc. He will also intersperse his "piece" with gems about the constitution, Boole's street sweepers, and slaughter houses Niblo's Saloon has been selected as the theatre for his forensic display, and if there won't be a jam to see Arty, may we be jammed for saying so. It is a rare treat to listen to the wax figure man figure in his curious figures of speech, and to those who wish to get a sight at the showman, let us say go remarkably early, and freeze to the best seat you can find. We've been there, and know all about the crowds that attend these lectures. ......Sufficient time having elapsed to fumigate the place, and give it a good overhauling, rendered necessary by the operations of the original Watkins and his original ghost, Wallack's theatre will open for the regular fall and winter campaign on the 30th of September. We don't know what effect the ghost feature may have upon the legitimate business of the place. It may be forgotten by the *habitues*, in which case all will be well; it may be that the *habitues* will demand *more* ghost, once having had a taste of it; the sensation may have destroyed all love for the legitimate; if so, and if a ghost should be really necessary to run the place successfully, let the "indefatigable treasurer" run down to either of the Bowery theatres, and pick wherever he likes; he can have any ghost upon the boards at the current rates.

On the evening of the 21st, we paid a visit to the New Bowery Theatre, for the express purpose of witnessing the late European arrival, M. Verrecke, upon the flying trapeze. The evening's performance commenced with, for the first time in this country, T. Egerton Wilks' romantic drama of "The Night Demon," cast with the full strength of the company, including the first appearance this season of that very popular Bowery actress, Mrs. W. G. Jones, who, upon her *entree*, was greeted by the "gods" with three hearty cheers and a tiger. The piece was enacted in a very creditable manner by the several members of the company, and the "ghostly spectres" made their appearance at intervals throughout the piece, to the infinite pleasure of all those who are fond of the "horrible." The play finally ended, as everything must. We were then introduced to M. Verrecke, who immediately ascended by the means of a ladder to the family circle where a platform had been erected. A single trapeze was suspended from the dome of the theatre immediately over the leader of the orchestra, and about half way between the trapeze and the platform at the family circle, suspended from the dome and leading to M. Verrecke, were two ropes with rings attached, by which he swung from the second circle to the trapeze, which he catches with his legs, and then dropping the rings goes through his performance, which consists of one of the most astounding feats of the age. In our former notice of this gentleman we censured him pretty severely for not performing what he advertised; since then we have been convinced that he was not to blame, because the accommodation offered at Nixon's Alhambra would not allow him to do his act. It is a pity that he was deceived on his arrival here by a speculating manager, but he is now at a first-class establishment and with a man of some principle as a manager, and the consequence has already been seen. M. Verrecke places the nape of his neck upon the bar of the trapeze, and in that position beats a tune on the small drum for the space of two minutes. This performance made the audience hold their breath, until he regained his seat upon the bar, when all present burst forth in tumultuous applause. He has thus made a successful American *debut*, and it at once places him at the head of his profession. It is one of those thrilling exploits in which the laws governing human gravitation and equilibrium seem to be set at defiance, and almost horrifies the beholder by its daring departure from the outermost bounds of human safety. It is an act that was never before attempted in this country by any of our gymnasts, and it is one that will make for M. Verrecke a world wide reputation. M. Verrecke will shortly appear in his great flying trapeze act, or as it is now called, Zampillaerostation. He has created considerable excitement among the Bowery boys.

The Winter Garden commenced its fall and winter season on the 21st, with Edwin Booth as the star, and A. H. (Dolly) Davenport in full charge of the stage department. The initial performance was "Hamlet," which was continued throughout the week. On the opening night the house was densely filled by a select as well as critical audience, for we saw on hand a good representation of the oyster house critics. The opening night was attended (as is sometimes the case) by a few disappointments on the part of several members of the company who did not put in an appearance, as advertised in the bills. Mr. Sidney Wilkins, who was cast for the King, having had to travel all the previous night in order to reach the city, was suddenly attacked with the—cholera (eh, hic!), and consequently was seriously "indisposed," and Mr. Hagan was called upon at the shortest notice to perform the King. This caused several changes, among which was Mr. Davenport doing Laertes instead of Osric, as per cast. We do not propose a full criticism of Mr. Booth's genius—to analyze its elements—to weigh in the balance of careful discrimination its condition and modes of manifestations—to seek to unfold the secret of his power. We can only, in the scope of a passing notice, indicate our—we trust, intelligent—appreciation of his acting, record the deep impression it has made upon us, cull here and there a flower of beauty, and allude, perhaps, to an incidental defect. In the first place, his delineations are eminently intellectual. The mind is ever in the complete ascendancy, and the whole being is pervaded and subordinate to its power. Every member, every muscle, the eye, the face, seem permeated by its subtle influence, and moving in obedience to its dictates. Hence Mr. Booth never mouths, nor rants, nor makes faces, nor tears a passion to tatters. There is no prodigal waste of mere physical power, nor any offensive obtrusion of it upon our attention. His acting in consequence is characterized by naturalness, ease, and great simplicity. We feel the effect, but in the quietness of outward demonstration we cannot tell how it is produced. A word, a look, a gesture, often unfold a world of meaning, and seem full of electricity. He acts from within outward, and does not lash himself into an excitement, that he may thus waken the mind to action. Again, Mr. Booth does not trust to his very great natural qualifications for an actor. He is not led captive by a blind enthusiasm. We see everywhere the evidence of thorough training and careful study. It is indeed rare to see in one so young the indications of such high culture and severe art. Mr. Booth's usual performance indicates a quick perception and nice appreciation of the idea of the author. He catches readily his real meaning, his subtle thought—the delicate shade of his character. Hence his delineation is, if we may so say, in good keeping. Heretofore there has been much reason to doubt his possession of the great histrionic powers his friends claimed for him; but the most skeptical, we think, are now fully satisfied that he really possesses great genius. In person Mr. Booth is the *beau ideal* of the melancholy Prince of Denmark, and plays the character to the life; on the evening alluded to, he rendered the part to the satisfaction of all present. What more can we say? The Laertes of Mr. Davenport was a very creditable performance indeed, and taking into consideration the fact that he enacted the part at a few hours notice, and that it was the first time he had attempted the character for many years, we think he is deserving of much praise for his general perfectness in the *role*. Miss Ada Clifton, quite a favorite with the frequenters of this establishment, was warmly welcomed back to her old quarters, and gave the difficult part of Ophelia with much feeling, and was very good in several scenes. The Ghost of Mr. L. P. Barrett was excellent, in fact everything this gentleman attempts receives full justice at his hands. He is a very careful, pains-taking artist. The Lord Chamberlain of Mr. T. Morris, and "The First Actor" of Mr. Hind were very good. Mr. Vining Bowers, brother-in-law to Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and a very clever low comedian, made his first appearance on this occasion as a regular member of a Broadway theatre company, and in the character of the Grave-digger, made a very favorable impression, and promises to become a general favorite with the public. The rest of the characters need no mentioning, from the fact that they did not soar above mediocrity. The houses have been very large all the week, and Mr. Booth has been very successful.

Mons. E. Fenelon, well known in the profession as a first-class musical director, died in this city on Wednesday forenoon, the 23d inst, very suddenly, being seized while engaged in rehearsing an overture he was conducting at the New York Theatre (old Wallack's), where the Martinetti troupe are now performing. He burst a blood vessel. Mons. Fenelon came to this country with the Ravels, and for several seasons traveled all over this country, conducting the musical department of their entertainments. He finally engaged with John T. Ford, and was leader of the orchestra of Ford's Washington Theatre at the time of its destruction by fire, and was a loser to a considerable extent. In consequence of his death the New York Theatre was closed on the evening of the 23d. His funeral took place on the 25th, from the Hotel d'Europe.

Messrs. W. Nichols, Fred Rentz, and Tom Lenton, well known as general performers in the circus business, and who have been in South America performing for some time, returned to this city on the 25th of Sept. after a passage of twenty-five days. They returned on account of ill health, but did not forget to bring along with them a large pile of the needful.

At Nixon's three-horse Show on Fourteenth street, business on one or two occasions has been very good; but the remaining nights were very poorly attended, owing in a small measure to the quite cool weather, which makes it doubly so under canvass, and to the very inferior performances given. A young lady heralded in the bills and papers as Sophie Sagrino, a "wonderful equestrienne," made her *debut*, and was a dead failure. It seemed just as difficult for her to keep her balance and stay on the pad of the horse, as it is for a good rider to fall off. Her claims as a first-class artist were so few that she was wisely kept off and on at intervals through the week. Yet every time she appeared did she make a still worse mess of it. Her attempt at riding was the worst we ever saw. In the person of Miss Carroll, Mr. Nixon possessed one of the most graceful and best balanced equestriennes in the business, but she was withdrawn to give place to Sagrino. This is always the style of Nixon's management; he opens with a great flourish of trumpets, engages a good company, promises much, (performs very little of it, however), and in a week or so discharges all his best people and fills their places with inferior artists. The Bedouin Arabs, *alias* Hash Eaters, have had their laurels clipped in newspaper gagging, by the introduction of Young Nicolo, who made his appearance on the 23d inst. in the Zampillaerostation Act. He is quite a youth, but in this act excels every artist that has ever yet attempted it in this country. He is, without doubt, the most regularly and beautifully formed as well as fully developed young gymnast we ever saw stripped. He performs his act with the greatest precision and coolness, and in this act takes the rank of first and foremost. In fact, he is at present about the only real artist that Nixon offers to his patrons.

Speaking of our minstrel friends, we must not forget to mention the raffle which took place last week at Sam Felter's, in which one of the burnt cork professionals proved lucky enough to gain the prize. The beautiful sorrel horse Congress, formerly owned by G. T. Nelson, was raffled for at $15 a chance, 100 chances. Mr. Eph Horn was the winner, and we are sure every one was pleased at his success. At the conclusion of the raffle, Eph in his usual happy manner made the corks fly from the best brands to be found in the city. Since then, Eph has appeared on the road with his team, looking as fresh as a colt.

Miss Laura Keene began a short season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday, Sept. 21st, playing "Masks and Faces," to one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences seen in the Academy for some time. Sister Laura had with her what we may call a fair company of artists, who very ably supported her on the night in question, Stoddart especially distinguishing himself by his capital rendition of the character of Triplet. Miss Keene's Peg Woffington was a dramatic treat to all present, though she failed to do justice to herself, owing to indisposition, a severe cold troubling her considerably. In the first act her performance was charming, but in the closing scenes she fell off somewhat. Levick creditably acted the part of Ernest Vain, but we cannot say that we admired Walcot's Sir Charles Pomander. Phillips' Colley Cibber was admirably given, and the other characters were creditably sustained. On Wednesday, Sept. 23d, Frank Wood's new spectacular burletta of the "Marble Maiden" was produced for the first time, Laura Keene's comedy company being the artists selected to bring it prominently before the Brooklyn public: Frank, knowing the critical audiences Brooklyn can present on an occasion of this kind, preferring to give them the first view of it, being fully aware of the fact that if it passed through their hands unscathed, it was sure of a signal success at the hands of the more liberal New Yorkers. Frank Wood, be it understood, was one of the *pun*-gent contributors to *Vanity Fair*, being a graduate of the *Punch* school of writers, and one that does his *alma mater* no discredit. His deserved success in his first production of "Leah the Forsook" has no doubt induced him to try his hand again in burlesque writing, and we have to say, that in his new piece he fully proves his capacity to excel in this peculiar line of dramatic composition. On this occasion Frank labored under great disadvantages. In the first place, the piece evidently has not been done justice to in presenting it on the stage, and the artists in question, on the first night, failed miserably in giving it a due and fair interpretation; in fact, they could not well have done worse, had they designed to have it damned. It is unquestionably well written, is full of excellent puns and telling hits, and the language is as smooth and rythmical as that of any burlesque that has been presented on the metropolitan stage for some years past. Badly as it was acted, it of course fell upon the cold and critical audience present as any original American production would have done. Had it come before them stamped with the mark of an English origin, a different result would have followed. A praiseworthy feature of the "Marble Maiden" is the capital music composed for it by that talented musician, Cooke. Though the airs are such as to attract the popular ear by their familiarity, at the same time there is manifest originality throughout the whole piece. Take it altogether, we think the "Marble Maiden" is a very creditable production, and properly performed and well interpreted, would achieve the success it deserves. As it is intended as a burlesque on the drama of the "Marble Heart," we deem it unnecessary to give the details of the plot, &c.

The following is a complete list of the German Opera Company formed by Mr. Anschutz for the coming season at the Academy of Music. The artists engaged abroad are expected to arrive by the steamer Bavaria this week:—Tenor robusto, Mr. Himmer, from Berlin; prima donna, Mad. Himmer Frederici, from Berlin; prima donna, Mad. Johannsen, from here; lyric tenor, Mr. Haller, from Brunswick; soubrette, Mlle. Pauline Carrissa, from Vienna; soubrette, Mlle. Clara Lang, from Pesth; coloratur, Mlle. Pauline Pruckner, from Vienna; basso, Mr. Lorenz Remy, from Vienna; basso, Mr. J. Weinlich, from here; basso buffo, Mr. Haimer, from Vienna; basso buffo, Mr. G. ... Kronfeldt, from here; seconda donna, Mad. Bernard, from here; seconda donna, Mlle. Julia Drome, from here; coreplitor, Mr. C. Kersten; ballet master, Mr. Dennstaedt; scenic painter, Mr. Nicholas Meister, from Cologne. The chorus will consist of thirty members, also a full ballet. Entirely new wardrobe, by J. Stollwerk. Mr. D'Alle Aste, basso; Mr. Tichalscheck, tenor; Mad. Burdeney, soprano, will appear during the season, which will commence here on the 1st of December; on the 1st of October commencing in Baltimore and Washington, and on the 1st of Nov. in Philadelphia. The following new operas will be given:—"Jessonda," by Spohr; "Euryanthe," by Weber; "Faust," by Gunod; "Templer and Jewess," Hans Heiling, by Marschner; Adlers Horsh, by Glaser; "La Dame Blanche," by Boieldieu; "Waffenschmidt," by Lortzing; "Wassertraeger," by Cherubini, and others.

Mr. Chas. T. Parsloe, the well known dramatic agent, has removed his office to 566 Broadway, corner of Prince, where managers and stars requiring his services can find him at all times.

Edwin Forrest continues his extraordinary success, crowding Niblo's every night that he performs. He is increasing in favor, if such a thing is possible. He opens the current week in his great personation of King Lear......Mad. Vestvali follows Bandmann on the off nights of Mr. Forrest, and makes her *debut* in English drama at this house on the 29th, in the drama of "Gamea, or the Jewish Mother."

Somebody has been getting the London folks on a string. In the New York correspondence of the London *Standard*, of a recent date, appeared the following far-fetched announcement:—"W. B. Astor, George Law, and the estate of the late Henry Parish have subscribed the sum of three hundred thousand dollars to build a new theatre for Wm. Florence, the actor of Irish characters. It is to be built on the north side of Union Park, and upon the property on the northwest corner of Seventeenth street and Broadway, extending back to Eighteenth street, on the same block as the Everett House. It will be two hundred and fifty feet front and two hundred deep. It is the old Parish property. Mr. Florence is said to be one of the best business men in the United States—a qualification essential for the manager of a theatre. It is called the 'Union Theatre,' and President Lincoln and his Cabinet have accepted an invitation to be present at its opening on the 1st of April next." As the 1st of April is All Fools Day, the New York joker has been coming the "Arrowsmith" game over the Londoners. How are you, *Standard*?

The ladies and gentlemen engaged for Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre are called together for the 28th, which goes for to show an early opening of that establishment.

"In consequence of severe sickness in Mr. Gottschalk's family," Mr. Strakosch announces a postponement of the Gottschalk concerts at Irving Hall. Wonder if anybody *is* sick.

Nothing fresh at Barnum's. Day business good, but night trade not very encouraging. The place is rather too far down town to do much after dark. Barnum might make a pile by carting his things up towards Union Square, and we think he will be compelled to do it some day.

A good low comedian is wanted to play in the farces at 444 Broadway. A reliable and competent artist will have a good "sit" by applying immediately.

The Academy of Music opens its operatic season on Monday, October 5th, with Donizetti's Opera of "Roberto Devereux." Josefine Medori (the latest arrival) as Queen Elizabeth, Mlle. Henrietta Sulzer as Lady Nottingham, Signor Francisco Mazzoleni as Roberto, and Sig. Ferdinando Bellini as the Duke, assisted by a numerous orchestra and largely augmented chorus.

At the New York Theatre the Martinetti and Marzetti troupe commence the fourth week of their engagement this week. So far they have been very successful in producing those pantomimes and ballets just suited to the tastes of the public. "The Green Monster and White Knight" has made quite a hit and is nightly received with loud applause and a good attendance. It is announced to be continued for a few nights longer. In addition to this, and to add further to the attraction, Master Paul Martinetti appears nightly in a very clever performance upon the single trapeze. Marietta Zanfretta, the Queen of the rope, appears nightly upon the tight rope to the infinite delight of all lovers of daring and exciting performances.

To see the "Ghost" is one of the penalties—can we say one of the privileges?—of living at this particular epoch. Just imagine the *status* of the individual in 1850 who had not heard of the Atlantic Cable failure; and him who, A. D. 1860, hadn't heard Jenny Lind or shaken hands with Tom Thumb. And so it is with the Ghost drama at the old Bowery Theatre. If you do not witness one of these dramas as produced by Manager Fox you will regret it, for everything is done in good style. In addition to his ghostly spectres Mr. Fox appears each evening in a favorite comic pantomime much to the delight of all frequenters of that popular theatre. This week a double attraction is offered, another new drama entitled "Midnight; or, the Ghost of the Ferry," will be produced, also the pantomime of "Jack the Bean Stalk." Jackson Haines, the Champion Skater, has been engaged and will appear in a skating act during the pantomime performance.

Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann, the German tragedian, took a farewell benefit, and made his last appearance in this city for the present, at Niblo's, on the 27th, playing, or at least attempting the very difficult *role* of Hamlet, and a more lamentable failure we have never witnessed on the American stage. No American born actor would have been permitted to repeat such a rendition of the character a second time, but he would have been hissed from the stage. It was a complete failure on the part of Mr. Bandmann. Actors should be the clear expositors of authors—intelligent expositors; if they be not so, they mislead many by their ignorance and perversion. They should avoid attempting to personate parts to which they are not perfectly equal. Presumption and vanity have ruined many promising actors; lending too credulous an ear to the voice of flattery, they have been led into a misconception of their powers. Study and attention can only direct the way to the pinnacle of one's ambition; they will beget a consciousness of right that will rise superior to all opposition; confidence is the concomitant of true genius. Mr. Bandmann is leaping too fast—he attempts too much. The histrionic ladder is not to be mounted quite so quickly, nor the top round gained in a day. The greatest actors of the age have had to mount it slowly, and in doing so have made it surely. And can Mr. Bandmann expect to gain in a day what artists of the rarest talents have taken years to overcome? In undertaking a criticism on the performances of an actor, the eye of the critic must be scrupulously directed to one point; the genuine and inherent, not the intrinsic qualification of his subject. Mr. Bandmann has the fault of ranting to a fearful extent, and like many others who study to discover a few points, on which, after proceeding for some time in tedious monotony, they expend a burst of artificial energy. The audience having had their artificial acumen engaged in endeavoring to discover the niceties of their readings, are suddenly awakened from their state of quiescence by loud declamation. The contrast producing a purely physical influence that expends itself in the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, leaves their sympathies unexcited. This state of bodily fermentations is allowed to subside, only to give place to its repetition, and the auditor departs, wondering why he had so heartily applauded that which made no impression on his mind. This style of acting may be compared to a new and thinly settled country, presenting to the observer a wild and dreary waste, with here and there small spots of imperfect cultivation. To be properly understood, the character of Hamlet must be carefully, critically perused, every speech must be well pondered, for there is thought and feeling in each sentence that comes from Hamlet's lips. Possessing charms the most grand, this tragedy deserves to be ranked among the most perfect works of Shakespeare's genius, as it is one of the noblest creations of human intellect. The generality of spectators in a theatre judge of an actor by comparison; if there is any difference in his illustration of certain hackneyed passages, from which they have been accustomed to hear, the difference is extolled as new, and astonishing, before they inquire into its propriety. Where we sought for the meditatative Hamlet in Mr. B., we saw an inconsistent lightness of behavior, that did not correspond with our idea. At times, too, he gave way to a vehemence of expression, by no means commensurate with his situation. In addressing the shade of his father, he read as Mr. Macready:—

"I'll call the Hamlet,
King, father!—Royal Dane O answer me!"

This we object to, and a diligent search into an old edition of Shakespeare, convinces us that it is wrong. The well known address to the players wanted the colloquial ease and freedom of a domestic dialogue, in which it should be delivered. In the play scene he was very tame indeed, and acted it as if he had no idea of the scene at all. The closet scene with his mother, one of the most difficult parts of the tragedy, was correct, and well and impressively given. Mr. McCullough is, without doubt, the best "Hamlet Ghost" on the American stage; his voice is just suited to the part. Mr. Shewell's Laertes, Mad. Ponisi's Queen, and the beautiful Mrs. Allen's Ophelia were exceedingly well done.

The Bryant Bros. continue to attract the biggest kind of houses at their bijou of a minstrel hall. It matters not what constitutes the attraction offered, there are a certain portion of the community as well as a large number of the traveling public who set apart a certain night in the week to go to "Bryants," and it matters not to them what they hear or see as long as it *is* Bryants'. Their reputation is world-wide, and they are deserving of it, for they strive hard to gain the confidence of the amusement public, and having gained it, still study to please. A slight change is made in the bill this week, and another succession of crowded houses will close the week's business for them.

At Wood's popular Minstrel Hall the attendance has been very large indeed all the past week. The aisles have not only been filled with camp stools and their occupants, but Manager Wood has found it necessary to have a large platform built, which is placed (after the other portion of the house is full) at the extreme end of the hall and up against the door. Chairs are placed upon this, thus affording good sitting room for a large number. Yet this has been found not sufficient to accommodate the over flow, and crowds were turned away every night last week who could not obtain even standing room. The Matinees every Saturday have become very popular, and are largely attended by ladies and children. The Ghost still continues on the bills, also many of the old standard and always popular acts of Frank Brower and Eph Horn.

Mr. E. Peron Hingston, the well known advertising agent, leaves this city on the steamer of October 3d, for San Francisco to pave the way for Artemus Ward. Arty has secured a sure thing of it by securing Mr. Hingston.

Manager Hooley of minstrel renown and proprietor of the Minstrel Opera House, Brooklyn, has leased Mrs. Robertson's Broadway Theatre, and will open it on Monday evening, October 5th, with a first clas minstrel band.

DRAMATIC.

The Holman troupe opened the fall campaign at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, on the 14th ult., to a perfect jam, and made a most decided hit; their business has continued most excellent through the week. They were re-engaged, and produced "The Bohemian Girl" on the 21st ult., with Miss Sallie as Arline, in which she sings Louisa Pyne's "Lo! Hear the gentle Lark."

At Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Miss Charlotte Thompson closed a very successful engagement on the 26th ult. Miss Thompson was announced to be followed by Laura Keene and her combination company.

At the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., Mr. Sharpe was the recipient of a benefit on the 19th ult. "The Serious Family," the "Spectre Bridegroom," and the burlesque of the "Phour Tee Thieves," comprised the bill. Everything went off very well except the burlesque, which is severely condemned by the press of that city, and was received by the audience with hisses.

At Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Mrs. Waller, the tragic actress, was very successful last week. She closed a very lucrative engagement on the 26th, and went to Louisville, where she was to open on the 28th, thence to Nashville, producing at each place her ghostly drama of "Wake not the Dead."

A dramatic company under the management of N. C. Forrester & Co., is at present performing at Worcester, Mass. The company embraces the following names:—Mesdames Le Brun, Donnelly, Bidwell; Misses Saidee Cole, Hattie Evans; Messrs. Forrester, W. E. Smith, Kreuger, Gardiner, Bidwell, T. Donnelly, and F. A. Gossin.

Kate Denin commenced an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 28th Sept.

Hann's dramatic company is at present playing at the Corinth (Miss.) Theatre. The company consists of the following persons:—Messrs. T. R. Hann, Nat Lander, W. Marble, J. Matthews; Miss Nellie Lewis, Little Fanny; and Mrs. E. L. Libby.

F. B. Conway having closed his engagement with Newcomb at Cincinnati, opened with his wife at Fuller's Louisville Theatre on the 21st Sept.

Buckland's dramatic company from Montreal, opened on the 22d ult. at the Music Hall, Quebec. "The Daughter of the Regiment" and the "Wandering Minstrel" were the opening pieces. Miss Emily Thorne appeared as the Daughter, and Wm. Davidge as Jem Baggs.

Harry Linden and wife are at present in Detroit, Mich., where they have been residing for several weeks.

Mr. Davidge took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 19th ult., and was the recipient of a crowded house. "Simpson & Co.," "Rough Diamond," and the "Wandering Minstrel" were the pieces performed.

Agnes Robertson is announced to leave England on the steamer of the 14th inst., and will make her appearance at the Boston Theatre on the 28th of Dec., playing there four weeks. She will then go to Philadelphia for two weeks, commencing on the 25th of Jan., and at Baltimore Feb. 8th, for two weeks, thence to Washington for two weeks. If possible, this artist will appear in New York before commencing in Boston.

Miss Emma Reignolds, sister to Kate Reignolds, is leading lady at the Memphis Theatre.

It is not positive, after all, that Wheatley gives up the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, at the close of the "Duke's Motto." Such was the arrangement, however; but Mr. Grover, who was named as Wheatley's successor, don't know whether to stand up to the scratch, or fly the course, altogether. The arrangement is in a state of *statu quo*. The "Duke's Motto" is still running at the New Chestnut, but it is beginning to show signs of premature old age—nothing like the *furore* attending its production here as that witnessed in New York. It is doubtful if it will be able to run its allotted time, which, we believe, is eight weeks, three of which expired on the 26th of Sept. Mr. Collins' songs, "Wine, bright Wine," and "While there's Life there's Hope," are not of that kind calculated to please a Philadelphia audience, and we should advise him to substitute some of his other songs occasionally; he has plenty that would please much better than those we have named. There should be a little more life in his songs, if Mr. Collins hopes to carry through the part of Carrickfergus successfully everywhere. In the meantime, what is the matter with Mr. Grover, and why does he stand aloof? If he wishes to get a foothold in the Quaker City, he has the chance.

The "Ghost" contrivance, which is claimed by Prof. Pepper as a "new invention," and as such patented by him, turns out to be almost "as old as the hills." In 1558, John Baptista de Porta wrote a book upon "Natural Magick." It was translated into English in 1658, more than two hundred years ago. The following passage, in the seventeenth book, will show that Prof. Pepper's ghost is not new:—"How we may see in a chamber things that are not—I thought this an artifice not to be despised; for we may in any chamber, if a man look in, see those things which were never there; and there is no man so witty that will think he is mistaken. Wherefore to describe the matter—Let there be a chamber whereinto no light cometh unless by the door or window where the spectator looks in; let the whole window or part of it be of glass, as we used so to do to keep out the cold; but let one part be polished, that there may be a looking-glass on both sides, whence the spectator must look in; for the rest do nothing. Let pictures be set over against this window, marble statues and such like; for what is without will seem within, and what is behind the spectator's back he will think to be in the middle of the house, as far from the glass inward as they stand from it outwardly, and so clearly and certainly that he would think he sees nothing but truth. But lest the skill should be known, let the part be made so where the ornament is that the spectator may not see it, as above his head, that a pavement may not come between above his head; and, if an ingenious man do this, it is impossible that he should suppose that he is deceived."

Mr. Black, of Boston, has just completed a large picture of Miss Kate Reignolds in her famous character of Cupid, in the "Angel of Midnight"—not for exhibition, but for a private admirer who has been permitted to perpetuate his recollection of that lovely creation. A chance view of the painting has given the writer an opportunity of judging of the loss experienced by the public in the destruction of the negative from which it was made. Distinguished beauties have always been, or been made, to a certain degree, the public's property, and as with Hortense and Mrs. Damer, rare loveliness has been denied the usual privileges of privacy, and these famous women have been modelled and drawn in Graces and Nymphs for the general admiration and culture. In this picture referred to—which might be a study to an artist—there has been given a real sacrifice to art of this kind. The figure, clothed in a slight, rosy, silken tunic, reclines lightly upon a bank, the hand resting on a little silver bow. Golden curls fall on the fair neck; the blue eyes are half lowered, and the lips parted as with a quicker breathing from some such fairy journey as Ariel's; which seems also to heave, so perfect is the painter's art, the half seen "white wonder" of the bosom's maidenly contour. It is the ideal delicacy which is the charm of this picture—there is nothing which breathes but of unconscious charms, even in the unsurpassed lines which the clinging drapery describes downward from the little waist, indicating, not disguising with its gossamer texture the fulness of womanly beauty. Gathered close to the limbs in folds by the skill of the artist—as by chance in falling into the attitude—the short tunic is also caught far above the knee, and shows the graceful leg in all its wonderful curves with little feet crossed, recumbent, to the admiring eye. There is not a harsh line in the whole picture; none but the most rounded, graceful lines, and the whole breathes a spirit of maiden, unconscious loveliness.

At the Norfolk Opera House, Mr. Neafie, now in the second and last week of his engagement, on his benefit night, Friday, 18th ult., presented "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and on the 20th ult. "Macbeth," with Neafie as the Thane, Gossin as Macduff, and Miss Mary E. Hill as Lady Macbeth; the phenomenon of the "Ghost" made its *debut* in the south, and by its success materially assisted in making Mr. Neafie's Macbeth most successful. Mr. Neafie's engagement concluded on the 26th. Mrs. Gladstane commenced an engagement on the 28th ult., so we are informed by our correspondent "Thespian." He also says—"The English combination continue their representations at Oxford Hall, Portsmouth; the management is in the hands of W. H. King; Mr. E. W. Gomersall officiating as stage manager. By presenting light pieces, such as "The Maid of Croissy," Coleman's 'Iron Chest,' cut into two acts; 'The Delicate Ground,' 'To Oblige Benson,' 'Perfection,' and others, they attract good audiences. Although laboring under the great disadvantage of no change of scenery, their performances indicate decided talent in the company."

Felix A. Vincent and Marion Macarthy were very successful at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, last week, in the drama of "The Organ Grinder." Kitty Blanchard continues to be one of the attractions there.

Laura Keene and her combination company gave two performances at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 28th and 29th of Sept. "Masks and Faces" was the opening performance, with C. Walcot, Jr., Mr. Levick, H. B. Phillips, J. H. Stoddart, Chas. Peters, and Laura Keene are in the cast.

Jane English's Troupe St. Denis is advertised to open at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 28th of Sept., and remain all the week. Marietta Ravel is now with this company.

The Indianapolis Theatre announced the opening of the season on the 28th of Sept., with the following company:—Mesdames M. A. Pennoyer, D. Hanchett, J. A. Hodges, W. H. Riley, F. Hight, Misses Lida Noyes, Melvenia Kate Fletcher, Lizzie Renard, and Sallie Renard. Messrs. A. Rankin, J. F. Noyes, C. H. Wilson, F. G. Churchill, J. A. Hodges, Ed. Marble, Thos. Burns, F. Hight, J. W. Hill, F. G. White, and L. L. Sharp. Mr. W. H. Riley will act as manager of general affairs.

The production of Planche's "Beauty and the Beast" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, filled that attractive little temple of Thespis during the past week. The performance was creditable to the company of talented artists engaged at this establishment. Miss Shaw has already become very popular with the young Brooklynites, and her vocalization and beauty proves to be a very attractive card for Manager Harrison. The latter seems to go on "in the even tenor of his way" entirely undisturbed by the opposition he meets with in certain quarters. In fact, we have no doubt the censures of the parties in question help him more than their commendation would benefit, for people like to judge of these things themselves, and when they visit a theatre where they are led to anticipate mediocrity, they are very apt to praise that which they would otherwise censure, and we think it is so in this case, for those who go to see the "indifferent acting of the poor company attached to this theatre" come away highly gratified and agreeably disappointed.

W. J. Florence and wife have taken the Brooklyn Academy for Wednesday and Friday evenings, Sept. 30th and Oct. 2d, and will give two performances there.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 198.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. B., Pittsburgh.—"A and B agree to play a game of Quoits. A forfeit was up. On the day set for playing, each wanted to play his own way. A one quoit at a time, B to follow with one quoit, and so on to the end of the game. B would not play unless allowed to throw both quoits before A commenced to throw. The game was not played, as neither party would agree to the other's terms. The stakes were subsequently drawn. But B bets with S, an outsider, that he B was entitled to the stakes. Was B entitled to the stakes?".....No, he was not; on the contrary, he should have lost them. The rule and custom is to pitch one quoit alternately.

K. K.—1. Flora Temple's fastest mile time 2:19¾ was made at Kalamazoo, Mich. 2. A man's power of endurance is superior to that of the horse; but whether the former can travel 1000 miles in quicker time than the latter is more than we can state positively; we presume, however, that he could. 3. A man can travel for a greater number of hours consecutively than a horse can.

A BUFFALO SUBSCRIBER.—1. There are so many "champion jig dancers" that it would be hard to tell; Tommy Peel is probably as good as any of them. 2. Mr. Roberts, of 76 9th Avenue, can supply you with a pair of clogs. 3. If not altogether a stranger, you would not experience much trouble in getting a situation.

CRIBBAGE, Grand Detour, Ill.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a ten, B lays a five scoring fifteen two. A lays another ten making twenty-five, and claims fifteen two. A also contends that if B laid five again making thirty, B scores fifteen two again. How is it?".....A is mistaken. No points can be taken for fifteen after the first.

S. K., Catawissa, Pa.—Our statement in regard to the tax on billiard tables was correct at the time, $5 being the sum; but the official who regulates such matters afterwards went back on his word given to Mr. Phelan, the representative of the committee, and the tax was afterwards fixed at $15.

S. J. K., Albany.—1. Fistiana, $1—none in the market. 2. "Boxiana" complete cannot be had for love or money. 3. We know of no book published entitled Rules of the Rat Pit. A letter to Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, will be the easiest method of finding out.

PUG, New York.—"A party of four play cribbage. One being played out, the next one plays a four, the next a six, the next a six, and the first played a five. Is it a sequence or not?".....It is not.

L. K. M.—1. Mad. Celeste is not dead, but at present playing in England. 2. Mr. Charles, J. B. Fisher, was born in 1804, died in Mobile, January 20th, 1859. 3. A biography of Wm. Davidge appeared in the CLIPPER of August 8th.

DR. C. BABCOCK, Mexico.—We know of no such party in this city. Your best course is to advertise, which no doubt would soon bring you a competent person.

A. B., Brooklyn.—We know of no legal reason why you should not use the outs, but as a matter of courtesy you should certainly first ask permission.

A. J. ROBINSON.—1. The issue of the CLIPPER containing the life of Ben Caunt is out of print. 2. For terms of subscription to the CLIPPER see another part of this paper.

B. J., Washington, D. C.—You had better leave fighting alone—it's bad for the eyes. We wouldn't advise any young fellow to turn bruiser until every other business has been tried.

W. C., Philadelphia.—Mr. Clarke is at present playing a short engagement in this city. We are not advised of his future movements.

A READER.—There would be no points for game to count under such circumstances.

R. S. P., Washington, D. C.—We cannot relieve your anxiety at present.

F. A. HENDERSON, Sparta, C. W.—Your subscription expired with this issue.

W. McB., Baltimore.—The lady's name was formerly Miss Jean M. Davenport. She is now the widow of General Lander.

G. F. ORRIN, Portland, Oregon.—Your letter of the 6th is to hand. Thank you.

J. P. H., Winchester, Ky.—The story has not been published in book form.

DAVID B., Detroit.—Two points are forfeited when a player's ball goes into the pocket after a carom off a red and white ball.

B. F. K.—If A referred to the dictionary after the bet was made, he won; if before, he lost.

DONIGAN, N. Y.—1. We do not understand your first question. 2. If the horse did not run, the bet should be drawn.

SNIPTER.—As there were more than the number of flags in the room, A won, no matter whether he had previously counted them or not.

SPORT, Chicago.—If a card had been played the deal should have stood; if not, B could claim his deal.

MISSOURI, St. Louis.—We are always pleased to hear from our friends.

C. F. W., Worcester, Mass.—We cannot give you the information at this time.

PARKER HUNTLEY, Nashville.—Your items were anticipated. Write again.

GEORGE, Indianapolis.—1. Six-feet-one-and-a-half. 2. For artificial bird's eyes apply to J. L. Bode, 16 North William street.

SPORT, Pittsburgh.—Rather too stale for us. Sorry we couldn't accommodate you.

SERGEANT, New Orleans, La.—1. The Persia, in 9 days, 1 hour, and 30 min. 2. Feather Weights.

W. H. R., Paterson, N. J.—Items will always be acceptable.

C. O'N.—Tom Hyer was born in New York, Jan. 1, 1819.

E. B. R., Alleghany.—We do not know the lady's whereabouts.

CHAS. DUPREZ.—Sent letters to Greenfield, Mass.

JOHN MONAGHAN.—We have a letter for you.

MIKE NORTON.—We have a London letter for you.

TYPO, Baltimore.—Alice Gray was born in Boston in 1833.

THE RACES over the track at the Suffolk Park, near Philadelphia, last week, did not come up to the expectations of the gentlemen concerned in them. On the contrary, such little interest did they create, and so poorly were they patronized, that the managers omitted one day altogether, and came very near terminating the meeting on the second day. The races were not brought to the notice of those fond of such sports, in as public a manner as they should have been. Besides, the parties who have heretofore managed race meetings in Philadelphia, have done more harm than good to turf interests.

CLOSING.—The season for out of door sports is fast drawing to a close, and will soon give place to those adapted for in-door amusement, except sleighing, skating and curling, and games of that ilk. The summer season has been a very dull one, taken as a whole, cricket especially having been at a low ebb. Base ball has been more flourishing, but even that popular game has not elicited as much interest as formerly, owing to the great game of ball between the Union and Rebel armies. It is to be hoped that the latter will soon play their last hand out, or at least before the season of 1864 commences, so that out of door sports may once more flourish.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.—This, the last issued novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, is a most welcome addition to the library, as coming from the same pen as "Squire Trevlyn's Heir." The mysterious passages of this book are woven in with subtle art, and the whole is treated with an unexpected degree of power. It does not descend to treat of life in its humbler walks; hence the scope for a more sustained dignity—tragedy, even. The book is one of thrilling, startling interest as it approaches the *denouement*, and cannot fail of commanding universal popularity and appreciation. We could have wished to see the dashing, Monte-Menken sort of feminine in Charlotte Pain, a little more definitely disposed of. A splendidly printed (bating the double punctuation) doub. col. 8 vo., pp. 448. Paper, $1, muslin, $1.25. T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; F. A. Brady, agent, 24 Ann street, N. Y.

A MISTAKE.—We see that many of our contemporaries have fallen into the mistake of supposing that *the* Flora Temple which died recently in Maine, was the world-renowned "Queen of the Trotting Turf." Whether *that* F. T. was a mare of another color we are not informed, but she was another animal altogether. Still, though we do not know that any special ailment is upon her, we should not be surprised to hear of little Flora's demise at any time. The infirmities of age some time since compelled her to retire from public performances. She will succumb to a foe even she cannot outfoot, but we firmly believe it will be with escutcheon undimmed by defeat of her unrivalled time.

THE ESSEX COUNTY DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION announced their opening meeting at Orange, N. J., on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th inst.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.

J. C. HEENAN VS. TOM KING.

HEENAN IN TRAINING.

In regard to this great first class pugilistic event, the news comes to us that it is engrossing a very large share of public attention in Great Britain, and by the sporting fraternity it is looked forward to with the most intense interest. Heenan has gone into training at Newmarket, we believe, with his brother James as his Commissary General. Until the racing season closes, he will take no one else into his confidence, nor will he have any one to superintend his movements, as he feels fully competent to mind his own business and get himself into proper condition. Towards the close of his term of preparation for the day of battle, however, that staunch friend of his, as well as true hearted sportsman, Jack McDonald, will be around and superintend matters, so that Heenan's friends may rest assured that nothing will be neglected that will tend to a successful issue of his passage at arms with the King of the British Prize Ring. King is said to be in the best of health, and has also commenced his preliminary exercises to reduce his avoirdupois, but who his tutor is we have not yet learned. Betting is altogether in favor of Heenan, so much so that we fear it will be difficult for his friends to "get on" to the extent they wish. A number of Heenan's friends from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, intend embarking for England in time to see "the big fight," as they term it; but the "rate of exchange" is so against us that many who would otherwise be there are constrained to stay in Uncle Sam's dominions. December 8th is the day appointed for the meeting, which will no doubt be made a holiday of by the admirers of boxing in the British Isles.

SKATING.—We observe that dealers in skating paraphernalia are making preparations to give old Jack Frost a cordial reception, as are also those who are interested in skating parks. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the old gentleman will pay us a reasonable visit, and not go back on us altogether, as he did last winter. Parties interested should get the ear of the Rush-un Admirable, as Mrs. Partington calls him, for we understand that he and Jack are old acquaintances.

THE RING.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE FANCY.

CHARLEY LYNCH AND THE DERRY YOUTH.

IT is really discouraging to witness the wrangles, squabbles, and interferences connected with pugilism in the States. Scarcely a battle comes off but what leaves a wider gap between the respective friends of those who have to *do* the fighting, owing to causes entirely unlooked for before they actually transpired. Take the fights between Con Orem and Geoghegan, Dunn and Elliott, Johnny Lazarus and Pete Daly, Bill McGrath and Tom Daley—not one ended satisfactorily; and here we have another instance of the uncertainty of all earthly hopes. The promising previous prospect of seeing Charley Lynch fight in his own country, after tackling all the stars of his weight in a foreign land, added an interest to his match with Billy Toal, that nothing else could. Lynch didn't come home with the intention of fighting, but they wouldn't let him rest—first, one challenging him indirectly and then another, until he was badgered into making a match with another little bantam named Billy Toal, a machinist, from the Dry Dock, who, before Lynch fought Andy Kelly, once fought him a glove fight in Madison street, getting licked. Toal seems to have felt hurt about this, and to settle the old grudge, he became matched to try it on without gloves for a couple of "centuries" aside. The amount was little enough, to be sure, for any man to lose his time about, but rather than let it go by default, one was willing to accommodate the other. The men went into training—Lynch first at Joe Cook's and then at Jack Smith's hotel on the Point, (not the Five Points, but Greer point, on the corner of Franklin and Huron streets); and Toal at Tom Chaffers' ranche back of Williamsburg. We reported progress from time to time while doing their work, and often had occasion to refer to the gentlemanly conduct and sociability of the respective backers of the men.

The day at length arrived to settle the affair, and for a few days previous they were all domiciled together in a hotel at North East—Billy Toal, Tom Chaffers and James McGuire—and Charley Lynch, Kit Burns and Jack Smith—three on each side. Everything went along smoothly until the day before the intended fight, Oct. 18th, when, as all were seated at dinner, a posse of the authorities sent there by order of Colonel Fish, the Provost Marshal of Baltimore, surrounded the house, drove in their pickets, captured the whole caboodle, and marched them off to Elkton Jail, where there was "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Our reporter, with some two hundred New York and Philadelphia sports, was on hand at the Baltimore and Washington railroad depot in Broad street, Philadelphia, late on Sunday evening when this intelligence was learned, and although some had even procured tickets, when the CLIPPER's representative declined going into the enemy's country, perhaps to meet with a similar fate, they drew their money and returned to their different hotels. Early on Monday morning they again assembled at the depot, a dozen or more taking the cars to the town where the boys were in "sturebin," to see what could be done for them. A consultation was held among those in power, resulting in their consenting to release them for so much blood-money. At first the dealers out of justice wanted $300, but by dint of coaxing, soft soap and palaver, the fee was reduced to $125, which Lynch's friends raised among themselves with the exception of one dollar, we are informed, and that was given by a partizan of Toal's. As a further proof of this, a list of the men who contributed the money has been forwarded to us, together with the receipts for the same from the jailor and limbs of the law. Here's the Sheriff's document:—

"ELKTON, Md., Oct. 19th, 1863.

"Received of Christopher Burns, Thomas Chaffers, Charles Lynch, William S. Toal, James Maguire and John Smith, the sum of $75 in full for jail fees upon commitment charging them with being about to engage in a prize fight in Cecil county, Maryland. ELI COSGROVE, Sheriff."

And here's the disciples of Blackstone's easily made $50 worth of penmanship:—

"ELKTON, Md., Oct. 19, 1863.

Received from Ira E. Bride and Geo. Burns, the sum of $50 in full, for professional services rendered in the case of the State vs. Christopher Burns and others. J. ALEXANDER EVANS, JAMES W. MAXWELL."

Upon delivering the money they were released, and made the best of their way back to Philadelphia on the same evening. It is stated that a gentleman offered the Derry Youth $100 if he would fight the next morning, to which it is also asserted Toal agreed, but took the midnight train for New York. We are not cognizant of these facts from our own personal knowledge. At any rate, no fight came off.

On Wednesday we were called upon to name another time and place of meeting, notifying Mr. Jack Maguire the same evening to appear at the CLIPPER office, when he and Lynch's party were on hand. A little oratory was indulged in, and the chin music exhibited various intonations, from the deep base to the squeaking contralto. Jack Maguire charged Kit Burns with being instrumental in the arrest, and even asserted that he was informed how it would be a day or two beforehand. Kit very naturally denied the accusation, offering to give Jack $100 to bring a man who would take his affidavit to the same. No one who knows Charley Lynch's career in England would think of such a thing as his being anxious to back out, or get arrested, and for him to spend some six weeks in training (which is expensive work, as Toal has no doubt found out himself), leaving his family and comforts, after, as he thought, he should have been allowed to rest on his laurels by his own countrymen, after upholding the stars and stripes so nobly abroad—for the sum of $200, which has no more than paid his training expenses, is somewhat absurd. That Lynch was not anxious to fight, no man of sense will ever be foolish enough to make himself or any one else believe. From casual remarks made by disinterested parties, it would appear much more reasonable that the boot was on the other leg.

As stakeholder in the match, it was our duty to notify the representatives of the men in presence of each other to appear at a designated spot. We did it—named Hastings', 208 Centre street, at 6 o'clock, but Jack Maguire, who evidently understands nothing whatever about match making, said that neither himself or Toal would be there, that Toal shouldn't fight for his money, but that he should draw it. Of course such ideas from an individual professing to be a sporting man, created no small surprise. At the time appointed, Lynch showed on the minute, but an hour's grace was allowed, and to have everything conducted fair and square, the Lynch party requested our reporter to name another time and place, which was also done, Jack Maguire being notified of that also, by letter—in short we took more trouble, lost more time and money over the petty affair than we ever intend to again. Early Thursday morning Charley Lynch and Kit Burns came as directed, with all the fixings, fighting shoes, colors, sponges, etc., and proceeded to the appointed place so as to fulfill the letter of the law to the utmost—not a soul was there to represent Bill Toal, so duped for about the sixth time, we returned to the city thoroughly disgusted, determined never to have aught to do with any such humbug again.

Lynch having fulfilled all the conditions, both of articles of agreement as well as after-instructions is, as is fully manifest, entitled to the whole of the stakes, and will get them unless we are compelled to pay over Toal's half to him on account of a suit at law entered into by Maguire, Toal's backer, for the recovery of the same. We wish to say, however, to Mr. Maguire & Co., that unless the suite is immediately withdrawn and we are officially notified of the same, and a receipt in full in lieu of all demands with both Toal and Maguire's signatures attached sent us, we shall at once enter into a criminal suit against them, the penalty for which will be *not less than one year in State's Prison.* So look on this picture and then on that, Messrs. Maguire & Co., and choose for yourselves which it shall be. It makes not a particle of difference to us on which side your choice falls. A pretty set of fellows you, to enter into a sporting agreement and then break it in so dishonorable a manner! How will you dare show your faces in company with honorable sporting men after this? Forty-eight hours are allowed you to comply with the above conditions from date of Oct. 26th, at 12 M., which, should you fail to fulfil them, we would advise you to stand from under. Look out for the CLIPPER when it blows the whistle.

THE FITZGERALD AND WILSON FIGHT.

EXODUS OF SPORTS—PROSPECT OF A SLOGGING MILL TO-MORROW.

As we go to press the evening before the day fixed for Ned Wilson and Con Fitzgerald's promising great mill for $1,000, Tuesday, Oct. 27th, it will be impossible for us to give the result until next week, but we lay before our readers all the particulars up to the latest minute. Both men are in fine health and spirits, and as confident as their best friends could desire. Fitzgerald has been in Philadelphia some two weeks, and on Friday had a staving exhibition there at Franklin Hall. Wilson didn't leave his Weehawken res. until Saturday afternoon for the Quaker City, where he was to meet Alderman Mac—not Little Mac—and would proceed at once to some secluded spot, so as to avoid observation. Ned has left all the arrangements with the Captain, as he is but little acquainted in that city, and we know his interests will be well cared for.

The original place of fighting is necessarily altered, and they will proceed to the ground in a steamboat chartered expressly for the occasion. No interruption from the military or police is anticipated, and we do hope the spectators themselves will refrain from any demonstration, but let the best man win. Wilson's colors are white background, blue border, dotted with an eagle mounted on a shield, and exceedingly pretty. We have not seen any of Fitzgerald's as yet, but have no doubt they will be worthy of the occasion. James Cusick and Hen Winkle are talked about as the men to second Wilson. Who will second Fitzgerald is not yet known. An immense crowd of sports left for Philadelphia by the 4, P. M., train, including our special reporter, and the excitement is at its highest pitch. All the betting will probably be made at the ring side, and when the men are stripped it will not at all surprise us to see the betting even. Win or lose, it is stated that this will be Wilson's last fight, and it is his intention to remove from Weehawken to this city and start in business. We cannot resist the old quotation,

"A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR, AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN."

BEEN TO ALBANY.—Joe Coburn, of the White House, returned on Saturday from another trip to the Capitol, where he has made several visits lately. What's in the wind?

GOING 'OME.—Jack Parton talks about returning to England, to try and get on a match with Morris Phelan, and fight in the same ring with Heenan and King.

"NICE."—As Uncle Frank Brower says of that $200 fiddle, Ned Wilson's colors are "real nice." The getting up of them being left to Bob Smith, of the Houston street House of Commons, was sufficient guarantee that they would be "done up brown." Of beautiful double-twilled white silk, with three dark blue stripes for the border, and the American eagle and shield printed in various parts, these colors have a handsomer and more attractive appearance than anything similar which has ever come under our observation. Only thirty-three were printed, and we herewith tender our "best respects" to Sir Bobby and Bold Neddy "for the prisint of one o' thim." Next to the lock of Mollie's hair, we shall prize "them colors."

BACK TO TOWN.—Jerry Conklin has just got back from Albany, to go and see the Wilson and Fitzgerald fight.

A BOX IN THE ARMY.—From a sporting "copper" in the Second Brigade, Sixteenth Army Corps, stationed at Pocahontas, Tenn., we are posted of a turn-up between two of the boys, named Fitzgerald and Cliff, belonging to the Twelfth Illinois Infantry. They had a little miff on the 9th inst., Cliff being the aggressor. Their first meeting was broken up by the Provost Marshal, and both came near getting locked up in the guard house, but were let off by the rest of the boys swearing it was all in fun. Fitz. afterwards sent a challenge to Cliff, which he accepted, and away the crowd started for the backwoods. With both so anxious, it didn't take long to get to work. Rube Bloomfield, a Kansas frontiersman, and Young Howard, of old Ky Ky, seconded Cliff; C. C. Zenry, of Baltimore, and George Hall attending on Fitz. Cliff was the bigger man, weighing 190 lbs., and standing 5 feet 8½ in. in height, while Fitz. wasn't more than 140 lbs., and an inch or so smaller in stature, but his build was of the greyhound stripe—tough and wiry. They commenced fighting at 1 o'clock, and kept it up without flinching some 49 minutes, being interfered with at the eighth round by the guards, and the fight stopped. As they may meet again, we refrain from criticizing their respective abilities.

INDIAN CLUBS FOR HEENAN TO USE.—Mr. S. D. Kehoe has forwarded, per City of Baltimore, three sets of varnished lignum-vitæ clubs to Owen Swift, of the Horseshoe, Tichborne street, London, for the Benicia Boy to use during his training, together with half a dozen fancy photographs to be hung up in the prominent sporting houses. There's no mistake about the enterprise of "Clubs," and such industry ought to be rewarded. He is now engaged on a couple of ornamental clubs, also for Heenan, which are to be gotten up superior to any heretofore manufactured.

CHARLEY LYNCH'S COLORS.—Our ring reporter owns one of the colors which Lynch wanted so badly to fight Bill Toal under. It is a bright red, with a broad white and chocolate border, intended as the red, white, and blue.

IKY BAKER, OF WEST BROMWICH.

HIS ADVENT AND DOINGS.

War or no war, the pugs of the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland, seem anxious to see for themselves "what kind of a b—y country this is anyhow," and scarcely a month goes by but we are called upon to chronicle another candidate for the ring or the army. The very latest addition to the mixed up population of the Empire City, is that of Isaac Baker, of West Bromwich, who fought Young Broome. He struck New York on the 21st inst., and although it is some eighteen days since he left the Old Country, no mention is made of the fact in any of the foreign sporting papers. When Baker came away he was matched with Joe Goss for £100 a side, £2 10s. being posted, and they were to have met on Oct. 12th, when Isaac was afloat on the briny sea, steaming towards our hospitable shores. Of course that knocks the match all in the head. Ever on the look out for such roosters, our fighting editor was one of the first to fall in with him, and the man of muscle and quill driver made a tour of the sporting houses, with which Isaac seems pretty well satisfied. Baker's career will not be found without interest. He was born on May 2, 1830, at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, stands 5ft. 8¼in. in height, and weighs when in condition, 147 lbs. He was originally a miner by occupation, but for some years has been attached to one of the great English Southern stables to protect "favorites" when traveling, and to thump the "touts" at home. In the latter part of his business he has earned for himself a world wide notoriety. His performances in the ring have been as follows:—In 1851 he beat Young Pugh for £10, at Water Orten, near Birmingham, on June 9th, after fighting 45 min. His next recorded battle was with Tom Robinson, for £5 a side, in 1853, whom he defeated in 5 rounds, which lasted 7 min. On May 17, 1859, he met Dan Skeyte, of Walsall, at catch weight for £50 a side at Purfleet, when Skeyte proved victorious in one round, which lasted only 6 minutes, Baker being knocked completely out of time. Another match was made for £50 a side at catch weight, in which Baker proved the better man, at Purfleet, on Nov. 8, 1859, when he won in 19 rounds, lasting 45 min., with the odds at 5 to 2 on his opponent. Harry Brunton then matched him against Young Broome (who had recently fought Tom King) for £50 a side at catch weight, and the fight came off on the 22d of December. It was a slashing affair, lasting 26 rounds and 58 min., Baker losing by falling without a blow. Broome was much more punished than Baker. Whether he comes "for fight" or not we can't say, but shall know "after a little."

ANOTHER BIG GUN COME TO SEE US.—JACK BURKE, CHAMPION OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—On the 10th of October, landed John Burke, from Liverpool, per ship Urial of Boston, after a very tempestuous voyage, being wrecked, and putting in at St. Thomas, West Indies. Mr. Burke met with a severe accident to his left leg, and has spent nearly the whole of his time in the hospital in consequence. He was formerly a pupil of Yankee Sullivan, and has fought eighteen battles without losing one. Mr. B. was born in 1830, at Drogheda, Ireland, stands 5ft. 8in., and when in condition weighs 147 lbs. A great part of his time he has spent in Australia.

"THE HOUSE OF FANCY."—Bill Fletcher, of 1024 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, has opened a sporting drum bearing the above fancy name, where dogs of pure breed flock to feed. Fletch has the biggest dog and the biggest man in Old Filly.

NEW FERRY AND NEW SALOON.—DICK TAYLOR'S PLACE.—This (Tuesday) evening there is to be an opening night at Dick Taylor's new and convenient saloon, on the corner of West and Desbrosses streets, opposite the new ferry which runs from this to Jersey City. Dick Taylor is well known and respected in the sporting world, and one of the best pigeon shots in the country.

THE OTHER ONE-ARMED BOXER ABOUND.—A short time ago a Mr. Kelly—Tom Kelly—feeling indignant at the insinuations and innendos of Mr. Charles O'Hare, called on the CLIPPER with a challenge, and we now give the retort from that worthy:—

FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* I wish to state to Tom Kelly, the One-Armed Boxer, that I was in the hospital when the challenge appeared, or should have taken him up sooner. I am now in health, and will fight him for love, or whatever money I can raise. I don't want any shenanigan, but fight.

CHARLEY O'HARE, The One-Armed Boxer.

ONE HUNDRED INSTEAD OF $25.—A gentleman recently returned from Boston, Captain Steve Gordon, informs us that Jimmy Elliott received $100 forfeit in the proposed match between himself and John Condie Orem.

ON A VISIT.—Mr. Cusick and several whole-souled sports have been in the city for the last fortnight "boxing the compass." They hail from Buffalo.

GREEN TURTLE FEAST.—Jimmy Burns, of Central Hall, Grand street, had a blow-out at his curiosity shop on the 23d inst., to which many unaccustomed to publicly partaking of this luxury, came from far and near. The feast was kept up until early next morning.

HUNKYDORA!—Thanks to Allah! all the boys but two, so tyrannously arrested while returning from Dunn and Elliott's fight, are out of the hands of the Philistines. One Jersey rooster, evidently after blood money, made affidavit that the whole fifty-two were present at the fight, but this was putting it on too thick, and the outrageous lie was hurled back to his teeth. To Ex-Councilman James Burns and Tom Maguire, the others may feel themselves forever indebted for their liberality in looking after things.

BOXING IN PITTSBURGH, PA.—A sparring exhibition was given in the Oil City by Johnny Mackey, recently, the following details of which we clip from the *Register* of that place:—

"For several days past the greatest excitement has reigned in our otherwise quiet city, among the admirers of the noble art of self-defence. The cause of this was the promised advent of Johnny Mackey, of Pittsburgh, the trainer of Heenan and of Hamill, the champion oarsman of the United States. This gentleman had premised our citizens to give them an entertainment of his science on last evening, at the New City Hall. At an early hour the capacious hall was crowded with an audience composed of some of our best citizens. The most admirable order prevailed. The different actors in the interesting performance conducted themselves in a manner that could not be objected to by the most fastidious. We are happy to state that, so far as our observation extends, Mr. Johnny Mackey conducted his entertainment with all the tact of an accomplished gentleman. In fact, we would inform our friends, confidentially, of course, that we have a serious notion of going through a regular course of training ourself, so as to be enabled the better to fight the dread 'battle of life.' But then, as we will give due notice of our 'fighting weight' before commencing offensive operations, they need not lose any sleep about the matter. The first set-to was between a Mr. Kavanagh and Johnny Newell. This was a good opening. From the best evidence had, Johnny's science was too much for the superior strength of his antagonist. The last round was spirited and well sustained throughout. The second was between Johnny Mackey and Jim Brown, of Cincinnati. This was rather a rough bout. There was hard hitting, but the trainer of Heenan and Hamill was fully up to the mark. His splendid science and admirable coolness were never better exhibited. So eager was Brown, that Mackey getting tired of his rushing at him, he let fly his right mawley, and spread Mr. Brown at full length on the stage. The third was between Toney and Johnny Newell, both pupils of Mr. Mackey. As a scientific display of the art of self-defence, this was hard to beat. The different passes and stoppings were admirably done. This bout elicited frequent plaudits from the audience. The fourth consisted of a friendly set-to between Johnny Mackey and Harry Miller, of Oil City. Mr. Miller has excellent science and admirable coolness, and in fact possesses all the requisites of a first rate boxer. The round was a good one. Both gentlemen exhibited talent of the first order. The fifth was between Johnny Mackey, and Bob Jackson, the famous oarsman, of Pittsburgh. This was an interesting round. Jackson, who by-the-way is as stout as an ox, and a very willing soul, crowded upon Mackey as though he would crush him by sheer strength. Mackey put out his hands. Jackson, full, of tilt, ran against one of them, and consequently found himself flat on his back. A heavy fall, and we think, satisfactory to Mr. Jackson. Several other amateurs had friendly sets-to. They all showed so much proficiency in the art, that it would be superfluous to discriminate. The final bout was between Toney Newell, formerly of Boston, but now a resident of Oil City, and his old teacher, Johnny Mackey. This was probably the best exhibition of science of the evening. The combat between master and pupil was interesting in the extreme. No better sparring has been seen in the oil region. Both gentlemen were repeatedly applauded, and both did their duty gallantly and well.

AN A-STONE-ISHING BET.—One of the Weehawken eccentrics, with another equally comical genius, employed in building, has made a wager of one thousand blocks of stone on the Wilson and Fitzgerald battle of this day. He chooses Wilson, but if the other man wins, we should like to know what he will do with them. If he was a builder he might "stick 'em up" and erect a stone house, but as he isn't, we fancy he'll be like the student who won an elephant at a raffle. It's the first time we ever heard of betting with stones.

DREW THE STAKES.—Harry Hill called at our office and drew the half century he put up on behalf of Con Orem for him to make a match with any man in America, after it had been lying two weeks. We have heard that Jim Dunn challenged Orem for $1,000 at his benefit, in Brooklyn, on the 17th inst., but if so, it seems very singular that he didn't cover John Condie's $50 if he meant to fight. It's money that talks the right "lingo." If Ned Wilson and Con Fitzgerald's fight goes off smoothly, and there remains daylight enough, Con Orem may have a little shake up in the same ring.

A CHANCE FOR OREM.—The following document was left at our office on the 26th, but as it has no signature attached, we cannot vouch for its genuineness:—"Should Mr. Con Orem be anxious to fight, he can be accommodated with an opportunity to do so in three months from the date, for from $1,000 to $2,000. Immediate arrangements may be made by calling at the White House, No. 113 Grand street."

CHARLEY WALKER'S BENEFIT.—Don't forget to be present at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on Friday evening, Oct. 30th, on the occasion of Charley Walker's benefit. Billy Donnelly is down for the wind up. Tickets only 25 cents.

JOHNNY WALKER VS. BILL DWYER.—All the money for this California fight is up, and a merry mill is looked for.

JOE WINROW'S BENEFIT, in San Francisco, Cal., was a bumper. Johnny Walker and Bill Clarke's set-to is said to have been superb.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY, between Dick Paddock and Langford Peel, which arose from a discussion about the late tragedy at Washoe, occurred on the 31st ult., when Paddock got rather more lead than he could digest, and at last advices was in a critical condition. Harry Lazarus is said to be in a fair way to recover.

HUGHEY RILEY, of 202 Centre street, has a 32lb dog he will fight for from $200 up against any other 32lb dog in the country.

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. BURNS will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the BRANCH, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in oriental style. 27-

INDIAN CLUBS AND THEIR USES.—We are glad to learn that the Indian Club is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise, conducing, as it does, to a general development and strengthening of the physical system. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the clubs which Coburn exercised with while training for his late fight with McCoole, and which were so highly spoken of by the champion. Clubs of from 4 to 8 lbs., $4.00 per pair; of from 8 to 12 lbs. each, $5.00 per pair. Dumb Bells, from from $3.00 to $4.00 per pair. Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER office, New York, or Post Office, N. Y., will receive immediate attention. 24-

TALBOT HOTEL,
NO. 33 GREAT CHARLOTTE STREET,
LIVERPOOL ENGLAND.
JAMES STENT.....Proprietor.
Gentlemen traveling to Europe will find the above Establishment one of best and most complete in the country. Terms moderate. All information on prominent sporting events given at all times by the Proprietor with pleasure.
N. B. NEW YORK CLIPPER, *Bell's Life*, and all the other Sporting Papers of both countries, always on file. 21-3m-8t*

SENATE CHAMBER, 15 EAST HOUSTON STREET, near Broadway, where JOHN DWYER will be happy to see all his old friends. The best ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS. JOHN DWYER, Proprietor.
N.B.—A fine private room for sparring. Lessons given in the art by J. D. 27-6t*

MATT CASSIDY AND JAMES MCCABE'S TWO MILE FOOT RACE—AND OTHER SPORTS.—There was an immense crowd at Squire Finlay's Exercising Grounds, on the Bloomingdale Road and 72d street, on the 22d inst., to witness the two young fellows above named run for $400. Coaches and light wagons were so numerous that with all the Squire's extensive accommodations he hadn't room for the half of them. All classes and creeds were represented, from the millionaire to the four cent man. The sporting gentry and Corinthians were out in strong force. After passing away two hours purchasing groceries and sugar, at precisely 4 P. M. the men got the word to start. Cassidy, with closely cropped head, stripped like a bag of "peach blows," all muscle, and wore a white undershirt and drawers, with striped red and white trunks; he has appeared several times in public with Young Sport and others. McCabe wore a white flesh bag and check trunks; he looked much thinner than Matt, but his action was light and springy; he ran Frank Printz a 100 yards race some time ago, but this was his first essay as a two-miler. The betting was slightly in favor of McCabe. On leaving the starting point, McCabe took the lead with Cassidy close behind, jogging along at a moderate pace twice around the track, making one mile, and when about 100 yards over the goal on the third half mile, Matt shot ahead amid the plaudits of his admirers, maintaining the position until within 50 yards of the final heat, when Mac put on the steam and made a desperate spurt, passing Matt and winning by about four yards in 11 min. 30 sec. He was enthusiastically cheered at the finish.

After the race, Mr. Bonner, with his celebrated fast-going *Ledger* team, , came off the road on the track, and exhibited his animals on their prettiest gate, going around four times also. As might be supposed, this *was* a sensation. A private trot followed, but we couldn't learn the horses names, or their owners.

Wishing to have a good afternoon's sport, a purse was gotten up by Harry Hill for a young fellow to walk 3¼ miles in 35 minutes, to which the gentlemen present liberally subscribed. All we could learn of him was that his name was "Joe." The conditions were if he did not accomplish the distance in 35 minutes, the money was to be returned. Jake Roome was appointed time keeper and our reporter referee. "Joe" looked "as fat as a hog" when his togs were off and he appeared all in white like a circus actor, but his gait was greatly admired, and after a game struggle he completed the whole distance in 34 min. 12 secs. This concluded the amusements for the day.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Young Sport can be accommodated, for from $200 to $500, in a two mile race, which he proposes to run against the Champion of America, if he will only leave a deposit at the CLIPPER office, which will be immediately covered by JAMES MCCABE.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Fred. Sharpley, H. Rumsey, C. A. Hill, F. A. Gossin, Thos. Wolfe, J. Lowlow, Ned Foster, Frank Cilley, Jas. Cook—care of Madame Macarte—H. W. Walsh, Miss Jennie Hosmer, Miss Ada Webb, and Madame Macarte.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 1863.

In the language of commercial reporters, amusements continue without material change, the supply being well up with the demand, and operations lively. The market offers every inducement for carrying on a brisk trade, for every taste can now be gratified. We have heavy tragedy, pure and undefiled, according to the directions laid down by Mr. Shakespeare; we have the lyric drama, or tragedy done up in verse and music; there is genteel comedy and ungenteel comedy; and there is burlesque in all its simplicity; there is low comedy, high comedy, and every other sort of comedy, including the grand Russian comedy now being performed by the "city players" in honor of our guests; we have bloody dramas, ghost dramas, thunder and lightning dramas, and dramas of high-toned exaggeration; then there's the Nigger biz. with its fun and sentiment, done up in cork; and the music hall feature, with pretty girls and a' that. There's no need of going away from New York for amusements. We have it here in every style, quality and quantity. Why, if old Abe were here, he'd give up the war business, and turn critic; his favorite "Macbeth," has been sung and acted to perfection, and the honest old critic would have been willing to lie down and die had he witnessed such performances. The receipts during the week have been very large, and pasteboard continues in good request. The money expended in amusements every week would freight a fleet of ships with provisions for "the starving poor of England, Ireland, and Scotland," and furnish a convoy as well to repel Anglo-rebelo-confederato rams that might attempt to sink said fleet, and thereby deprive the poor of Great Britain of the bread of life. It's a curious era we live in. A great war raging, and amusements more plentiful and prosperous than ever known in time of peace. And yet it must not be supposed that our people are forgetful of the men who are fighting our battles. Thousands of dollars are collected day after day for the relief of the families of volunteers, and thousands of dollars of the sum never see the outside of the pockets of the collectors. A sarcastic joke. There's no people in the world more liberal than the people of New York. They are fond of fun and sport, but they are not unmindful of the claims of the poor and indigent. Amusements help to make them liberal and charitable, and that's what ails 'em.....Whiskey is also in fair demand, and that's what's the matter, too, sometimes; but we shall say nothing pointed: if "men will put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," they must suffer. Some of our professional people, on the boards and off the boards, take their peppermint too often and too strong; some of 'em play better when well primed, but the most of them "make d—d fools of theirselves," as our Jim once truthfully remarked, after seeing a live tragedian reel off the stage in a paroxysm of strong drink. Oh! ye worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus ——, "There, none of your sermons," puts in some gentle reader;" we don't want none of 'em." Very well, gentlemen, you pay for the CLIPPER, and you have a right to sass us, and bluff us off when we get off the track. So, intemperate sinners, you have been saved a terrible infliction.....Did you hear about the last artist we sent over to England—Miss Bateman? Why she just electrified the Londoners with her flashes of genius from the word go. She made one of the most palpable hits ever made since the glorious career of Yankee Sullivan, and he, every body knows, was a stunner, a ten stunner. Of course, now that *our* ers, *we*, at home, here, will welcome her with renewed assurances of our consideration and esteem. Had she failed, had she come to grief in "perfidious Albion," as her friendly neighbors across the channel call Great Britain, what then? *Este perpetua*—excuse us, deluded readers, we *forgot*, we knew enough of the foreign lingo to drop in a bit or it before. [illegible] uncompromising hostility to the English language. Had she [illegible] abroad, "it had been better had she never been born" [illegible] to us, for we'd a shook her, just as sure as Mr. Russell shook Mr. Mason, and sent him off to France, like old dog Tray, "with his tail druv in behind".....To think how the player folks are carrying on! They've got so much money, that they needs must spend some of it in litigation. All right, friends of the drama; the Courts will lessen your pile, depend upon it, and the lawyers will not let you go till they have skinned you like an eel. *You'll* see. First, there's Mr. Max Maretzek—he professes to believe that one of the Sunday papers—our mercurial neighbor—has libelled him and his grand opera; and so professing to believe, he has entered suit against the mercurial firm, actually claiming *damages* in the sum of ten thousand dollars! Just as if such a paper could damage anybody to the extent of ten cents, let alone ten thousand dollars! Max must have become *non compos mentis*—we believe *that's* correct—mixed up, as he is, with such an inharmonious congregation of harmonious singers. He's not himself at all, or he'd never fight newspaper people, for our chaps must have the best of it in the end; it costs us nothing for cutting our enemy up in the paper; if he wants to reply, he must pay 50 cents a line for editorial opinions, and soon his ammunition must run out. Now, Max, let us advise you, as a disinterested friend, to retire from the suit, and never attempt to buck against newspaper people again; for, is it not recorded that, in the hands of men entirely great, "the pen is mightier than the sword?" Isn't it? And are not *all* newspaper men entirely great? Hay? Aint they? We've no great love for our mercurial neighbors, for they once sought to run us off the track; but in the "collusion" that followed, they met with a serious reverse, and had to switch off. Had we been a miserable singer, or player, or nigger minstrel, or prize fighter, or sewing girl, they'd have beaten us; but with a paper machine to back us up, we made the feathers fly, and the mercurial chaps were soon shorn of their wings. Maximilian Maretzek, you must switch off, too, or they'll floor you as we grassed them. Think over it, impressario, think over it. Then there's another operatic suit, the Lucy Escott Opera Troupe against Billy, otherwise W. E. Burton. They are not fighting the dead manager, however, but his representatives. They argue that Mr. Burton failed to fulfil the conditions of an agreement entered into between them some years ago, and somewhat abruptly curtailed the engagement. The manager replies, through his representatives, that they "wasn't with it," that he lost money by them, and such as that. That may all be true enough; but as Mr. B. had the right to compel them to finish out their engagement if they *were* making money, so have they the right to insist on the fulfilment of *his* share of the bond, if they did *not* make money. Isn't that sound law, ye disciples of Coke, Blackstone, and McCunn? The opera troupe have the best of it, we think, so "take your time, Miss Lucy." In addition to these suits, there is some litigation going on, touching the will of the late E. P. Christy, manager of the real original Christy Minstrels. It will be remembered that Mister E. P. Christy accumulated a comfortable fortune of silver and gold in the minstrel business, and retired some years ago, to enjoy his wealth. Being in poor health, one day he jumped out of a window, and received injuries which resulted in his death. He made a will before he died, it is said, leaving his widow the bulk of his fortune. Others of the family, finding themselves cut off in their prime, and left out in the cold, are contesting the validity of the will, with a view to get what they believe should have been meted out to them. Quite a deal of medical and other evidence has already been heard, and the case is still on. We can only express the wish that "the best man may win.".....Oh! wasn't that a glorious crowd at the Academy of Music on the 22d, when Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, and other liberal spirits gave a benefit in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission? Max Maretzek, in his delirium of joy, would break every fiddle and bald head in his orchestra if he could only get such a crowd in the Academy on opera nights. Such squeezing, and scrouging, and tearing, and swearing, we ne'er before did see, we ne'er before did hear. It was luscious, and will abide in our memory forever more. It was for a charitable purpose, and our friends made it a benefit indeed. *Vive*, Charlotte; *a bas* Jeff Davis.....Everybody seems cheerful and well-disposed now-a-days, and *debutantes* can never have a better opportunity to try themselves than the present. He or she must be rather rough and crude who cannot succeed now, when an abundance of money makes us so wondrous kind and good-natured. There were several first appearances last week, among the *debutantes* being Miss Simons, who made a strike at a concert given on the 19th, and Mrs. J. M. Motte, who did much applause receive on the 22d. Now is the time, timid friends, to face a frowning world.....Have you noticed how our minstrel friends are coming into favor? There's Sher Campbell, lately with the Bryants, now singing at the Gottschalk and other concerts, all in white. He takes, too. Then there's Mr. Reeves, once with Hooley's Minstrels; now he's quite an acceptable tenor, as Mr. Castle, in some of our fashionable concerts. Oh! there's talent in the "black brigade," if the fashionables will only pay the price to have it uncorked.....We omitted to mention that we are still doing the Russians.

At the Gottschalk concert on the evening of the 22d inst., Signor Muzio introduced to the citizens of New York another of his pupils, her first appearance in public—in this city—Mrs. J. M. Motte, formerly of Boston. She is said to possess a rich mezzo-soprano voice of excellent quality, and sings with expression. Her success was decided. On this occasion, Mr. Sher Campbell, formerly of Bryants' Minstrels, made his re-appearance in the concert room, and sang a romance from the "Foscari," and that fine aria in the "Bohemian Girl"—"The Heart Bowed Down." He was most enthusiastically received.

On the 21st, we visited Winter Garden for the purpose, as we supposed, of witnessing something in the funny line, and thereby being amused. But we couldn't see where the fun was hid, and therefore were compelled to come away without experiencing anything else but feelings of the most unpleasant nature. Whenever the management offers another bill of the same kind for a New York audience, we advise them to have certain "points" inserted in the bill informing the auditors where and when the laugh comes in. In all seriousness, the plays (?) produced on this occasion were not only the vilest trash we have witnessed for some time, but were a disgrace not only to a Broadway theatre, but to the fine talents of Mr. J. S. Clarke, who is really a very talented comedian; and when he prostitutes himself to such "stuff," it does him a great injury, particularly with those persons who may never have had the pleasure of seeing him in genteel comedy, in which he is very clever. Such trash as the "Russian Admiral," and such a way of "cutting up" "Toodles" as Mr. Clarke has given it, would, if produced often, damn any establishment.

A new play, entitled "The Orphan of Lowwood," has been translated and adapted by Mr. John Schlesinger, of this city. It is from the German of Charlotta Birchpheiffer, authoress of the very successful play of "Fanchon," and is said, by those who ought to know, to be the best of the lady's productions. It was originally dramatized from "Jane Eyre." The piece has been very successful at the Stadt Theatre with the Germans, and is considered by them to be a splendid play. Mr. Schlesinger is well known in the chess world, and has gained considerable reputation as a very expert amateur player. The play has been copyrighted by him, and the right of producing it in New Orleans and adjacent cities has been purchased by the Lewis Baker-Barrett Combination, who will bring it out during the coming season. It is replete with startling situations, good dramatic points, and will no doubt be very successful. We hope soon to see it produced at one of our Broadway theatres.

Charlotte Cushman is ever ready to give her services for benevolent puposes. In addition to the performances she has assisted in for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, she has consented to give one night for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund Association. In her letter to Mr. Davidge, dated Washington, D. C., Oct. 19th, she says:—"Let me assure you, it will afford me the liveliest satisfaction to appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday, 28th inst., on behalf of the American Dramatic Fund—an institution for which I have always felt the greatest concern, from the knowledge I have acquired of its beneficial influence towards the members of the profession. Permit me to suggest that, in view of the large numbers of patrons who will be disappointed in obtaining tickets for my performance of Lady Macbeth—at the Academy of Music in New York—that I should repeat the character in Brooklyn." Bravo, bravissimo, and all honor to the great tragedienne!

We understand that the receipts at the Academy of Music, on the occasion of the benefit to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, were three thousand dollars, $2500 of which, perhaps, will be handed over as the profits.

"Rosedale" is doing so well at Wallack's that the manager intends to keep it on the bills till further notice, or until the new play is ready.

Marriages are plenty just now. The girls, fearful that the war may in time kill off all the single men, are vigorously prosecuting *their* war for the Union, and they are right, too. If a man treats you, gives you his *carte de visite*, or sits up with you two or three weeks, be sure you secure him at once, girls, for marriageable men *are* becoming scarce, depend upon it. Talking about wedlock, we see that a couple of our professional friends have just been allied in the holy bonds. On the 21st inst., W. K. Bassford was united in marriage to Miss M. L. Boulard, all of the Alleghanians.

Mr. Forrest was called to Philadelphia on the 23d, in consequence of the illness of his sister, and the "Gladiator" was postponed. M'dlle. Vestvali appearing as "Gamea."

The Florences are to succeed Mr. Clarke, at the Winter Garden. We have not been informed whether they will do their ghost business during the engagement. How are you, ghost?

M'lle. Vestvali concluded her off-nights engagement at Niblo's, on the 24th. She has attracted large audiences, although appearing in but one character. She goes to Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Wood will shortly produce, at the Olympic, Byron's great burlesque on the "Duke's Motto." This capital travestie had a long run in London.

Matilda Heron has possession of Niblo's Garden this week. Matilda seldom fails to draw in New York, and her "Camille" pleases about as well as anything she does.

The French Theatre, at Niblo's Saloon, opens for the season on Tuesday evening, 27th inst., with a new company.

We have a "big thing" to chronicle this week in our city summary and at the expense of one of our moral and reliable "dailies." On Saturday, 24th, one of the morning papers contained the following "reliable" criticism:—"Last night Mr. Forrest repeated, by special request, his great character of Spartacus before one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic audiences of the season. His acting was grand throughout, and at the end of the last act he received a perfect ovation from the audience." Now this is all very well so far as it goes, but it's a "stunner on the impartial critic," when we inform our readers that owing to the sudden death of a sister of Mr. Forrest that artist was called to Philadelphia, and that M'lle. Vestvali appeared as Gamea. M'lle. Vestvali and enthusiastic audience returned just in time to dress for grand throughout," and who "at the end of the last act [illegible] a perfect ovation from the audience." Try again, friend Bohemian, but stick to the truth next time.

Mr. Spear, comedian, and quite a favorite with play goers "way down East," paid us a visit on the 23d inst. It is possible that New Yorkers will have an opportunity to see him in some of his characters 'ere he departs.

Mr. William Morris of Morris Brothers & Co.'s Minstrels, Boston, was in town last week *en route* for Europe for the benefit of his health.

The action against the executors of the late Wm. E. Burton by the Lucy Escott English Opera Troupe, is still on trial in the Supreme Court. The defence are producing testimony of the incapacity of the opera troupe.

Hooley's Christy Minstrel party on Broadway are in successful operation, and this week Jackson Haines, the Champion Skater, commences an engagement.

Nixon's Circus has returned to its old quarters on Fourteenth street, after a visit of one week to Brooklyn. Mr. Eaton Stone, one of the most graceful, daring and expert bare-back riders we have in the profession, announces his benefit to come off on the 27th inst.

After a run of over ten weeks the afterpiece of the "Railroad Explosion" is withdrawn at Wood's Minstrel Hall this week, and the panorama of a trip from Newburg to New York substituted in its place. The company are drawing full houses, as they always do, and their entertainments are spoken of in the highest terms of praise. The programme this week is a superb one, embracing some of the finest productions in minstrelsy, and also many of the richest burlesques, executed in an exceedingly laughable style. The matinees every Saturday continue to be very attractive and afford considerable pleasure for the little ones.

At Fox's Old Bowery, the manager continues to produce in rapid succession a new Ghost drama. This week we have one called "The Charmed Ruby," which is founded, it is said, on events that actually transpired in this gay metropolis one hundred and fifty years ago. G. L. Fox has a part in it of a clown and tumbler. J. B. Studley and G. W. Thompson also appear. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chapman are fast becoming favorites on this side of the town. Fanny Herring continues off the boards. We trust we shall soon again welcome her smiling face at the Old Bowery.

The most extensive arrangements are being made in the buildings 539 and 541 Broadway, for the largest and most complete Menagerie ever seen in this city, which will be opened to the public about the 15th of November. Full particulars in our next.

Manager Henderson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is in town this week, looking hale and hearty. He reports excellent business at his establishment.

Mme. Guerrabella sailed for Havana on the steamer of the 24th inst. She goes there under a contract of four months, two in Havana and two in Matanzas. In the latter city she will inaugurate the opening of the new opera house (Teatro Estaban). She is to receive $2000 a month in gold, and the gross receipts of two benefits—one in each city. Her *debut* takes place Nov. 5th, as Traviata.

There is no doubt but what the old favorite resort of 444 is continually growing in public favor; it is filled nightly by those who are fond of a diversity of amusement, and fresh novelties are introduced upon each representation. During the past week Mons. Chiriski has appeared on the wire with much success. In addition to the already talented company, the manager adds another new face to the constellation this week in the person of T. L. Donnelly, the Irish comedian, who appears in the farce of "More Blunders Than One."

Mr. John F. Poole advertises for sale in our columns this week the drama of "The Devil in the Bowery, or Satan in the Empire City," which was very successful at the New Bowery Theatre a short time since. Mr. Poole also wishes to dispose of to managers of theatres the dramas of "Blueskin, or Jack and his Pal," "Edgeworth Bess," "The Felon's Dream," "The Syren of Paris" and "Dick Turpin in France." See his advertisement in this issue.

This week Manager Lingard produces at the New Bowery a new drama, written by John F. Poole, and called the "Syren of Paris." Jackson Haines doubles himself this week, for he appears at this establishment each night, as well as with Christy's Minstrels. On Friday evening of this week Mr. G. C. Boniface, a great favorite with the Bowery boys, takes a benefit, on which occasion he produces the play of "The Stranger," and other attractions.

Did you see the Russians last week? No. Well, you might have done so, if you had "bin a mine to," by going to see Bryants' Minstrels, for they had a rush-in to their oh-tell almost every night; and the way they uncorked their witticisms, fired off their *bon mots*, and carried on in the way of mirth and fun, was a caution to the marines. If you regret your absence on the occasions alluded to, go this week and get satisfaction. By the way, Rollin Howard informs us that he has left the company and bade farewell to the profession, on account of sickness. We hope, however that we have not seen Rollin in his *role* for the last time.

Mad. Johanna Clausen, a European artist of great celebrity, arrived in this city on the 19th, by the City of New York. She came over in company with her husband, and is under contract to certain parties in this country. Harry Palmer is her agent. She will in all probability make her *debut* at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, after which she will appear at Niblo's, in this city.

Manager Fuller, of the Louisville Theatre, was in town all last week. A brother of his arrived by the City of New York from Europe.

DRAMATIC.

Our beloved brethren of Philadelphia would like to have a shy at the Russians, and to this end sent a deputation to the metropolis to see the great guns of all the Russias, and extend to them an invitation to visit the Quaker City. It is presumed the invitation will be accepted, by not only the Muscovy chaps, but by some of the wise men of Gotham, as well. So let the theatres be put in trim, and let the various managers be ready with their private boxes, and free admissions. In view, also, of the crowd that will probably follow in the wake of ye imperial guests, let the gentlemen who manage the free lunches of that city, put their houses in order, too; for they will be visited by scores of hungry men, who will endeavor to show the superiority of the men of Gotham over the quiet and subdued disciples of William Penn, touching the matter of "free feeds." The free lunch route of Philadelphia is not to be surpassed by that of any other city, bar none. So let the caterers for the free and easy livers lay in an extra quantity of liver and onions, and be prepared to do honor to the coming men.....Talking about the theatres, Philadelphia is running three, and the *habitues* turn out pretty liberally; but they are at times somewhat difficult to please, and what will create a *furore* in New York, won't always go down in the "City of Brotherly Love," as some facetious people call the place: now there was Bandmann, with "Narcisse." The Quakers liked neither the one nor the other; Bandmann afterwards produced "Narcisse" in New York, and he and it took like Five-Niblo's, night after night, for several months; in Philadelphia, it had a feeble existence of a few weeks, and then did its departure take. Now, there's Matilda Heron, too: she fetches 'em in culine star, she has up-hill work of it. On the 19th, she produced Charles Gayler's new play of "Aspasia," but it failed to satisfy the tastes of the patrons of the Walnut, and on the second night it was shelved, to the disgust, no doubt, of author and actress. On the first night, there was a *comfortable* audience present: that is, the mourners were not crowded; on the second evening, "Aspasia" had rather a lonely time of it, the audience being of the poor but honest character, more discriminating than numerous, and that killed Aspasia dead. Now the play is not really bad, and we shall not be surprised to hear that Miss Heron has made a go of it in other places. Perhaps the kind and indulgent reader would like to hear something about it. Briefly, then, Aspasia (Miss Heron), is of the Camille tribe of free lovers, one of the upper ten frail sisters. She is entertaining a congregation of free and easy spirits in her saloon, at home, in Paris. She has not yet made her appearance, however, but the gay gambuliers are left to enjoy themselves with the dice box, wine, and women. Vis-Bury (E. L. Tilton), whom he proposes to introduce to Aspasia. When the Chevalier discovers that he is to be presented to Aspasia, he refuses the introduction, and calls her some pretty harsh names, having heard of the position she occupies in society. The Chevalier is a high-minded, honorable man, and scorns the idea of associating with such a crew as he finds in the saloon, and retires. The Marquis de Villair (B. Young) is anxious to possess Aspasia, and wagers that in three months, she will be a guest in his house. When Aspasia enters the saloon, she is told of the slight put upon her by the Chevalier, and she makes a wager that she will have him at her feet, a lover, in three months from date, which would bring it up to October 3d; we don't know what year. Well, Aspasia leaves Paris and her gay friends, and sets up plain house keeping in a cottage near that wicked city. Here she seems to have got the Chevalier in her toils, but he does not know that she is Aspasia; he takes her for some country girl, and calls her Marie. He's terribly in earnest in his love for her, and wants to hang up his hat at the cottage, altogether. Aware of his honorable love, and of his purity of character, she tries him by asking what if she were like Aspasia, and all that sort of thing. He would still love her. So he leaves her; scarce has he got out of the way, before the gay gambuliers of Paris call upon her, much to her disgust; she promises to meet them at Paris on the morrow, if they will leave the cottage. They go, but are met outside by the Chevalier; a quarrel ensues, and all hands come back to the cottage; here, Aspasia's real character is revealed to the Chevalier; notwithstanding the revelation, he fights in her behalf, and there is a lively time all around, ending in the arrest of the Chevalier, and his incarceration in the Tombs, or Bastile, rather. Third of October. The Marquis has won his wager, for Aspasia is his guest, and he is all serene. She is covered with jewels, including a diamond necklace. The Marquis thinks he has put the Chevalier out of the way, but Aspasia has played her points so well as to have him liberated, to the discomfiture of the Marquis. Aspasia loves the Chevalier, honest, and despises the Marquis. A tool of the Marquis, Valdemar de Norcy (J. S. Wright), is working against Aspasia. In her disgust at the conduct of the Marquis, she throws off his gifts of dollar jewelry, including the necklace, which latter De Norcy slyly picks up, unnoticed, and then brings necklace. Poor Aspasia is sent to Moyamensing Prison, in spite of the Chevalier's efforts to save her. Next, she is seen among the convicts, getting ready for the penal settlements at Martinique, will take up with the Marquis. She don't seem having bribed tool, is also on hand, and offers to marry her, but she would rather suffer death than bring dishonor upon his name, and such other stuff of the kind as we meet with in plays, but seldom in reality. So she is taken aboard ship with the other convicts, after an affecting leavetaking, and "farewell forever," with her lover. Next, we find the convict ship arrived at Martinique, and Aspasia is used up with the voyage. She is met by her old servants, and the tool also appears upon the scene, in a very incomprehensible manner; the Marquis is also on hand, having been appointed Governor of the place. He renews his suit for the favor of the convict, and is about to compel her to be his'n, when the Chevalier also appears, having worked his way as a "common sailor" before the mast, on the same vessel that the convicts took passage on. He flies to the rescue of Aspasia, stabs the Marquis, and then escapes with his lovely convict to the morass, where Aspasia is found in a dying condition by the friends and acquaintances of the family, who bring her a pardon granted by the Marquis just before he died. It is too late, however, Aspasia dies on a little mossy bank that seems to have been put there for that especial purpose. The Chevalier is in deep distress, and the curtain descends upon them all in that condition. For a first night, it wasn't badly performed. Miss Heron showed us frequent flashes of Camille, and kept up the interest of the part in a masterly manner. Tilton, as the Chevalier, was also good, and Young and Bascom likewise did pretty fairly. The other characters were not of much account. The new play was taken off the second night, and "East Lynne" substituted, which play seems to be in great favor with the good folks of Philadelphia.....Miss Heron brought her engagement to a *finale* on the 24th inst. She will be succeeded by Mr. E. Eddy, on the 26th, in a series of his favorite melo-dramatic delineations. He opens in "Jean Reny.".....While Miss Heron was doing "East Lynne" at the Walnut, Miss Western was running the same piece at the New Chestnut, to tolerably fair audiences. Miss Western terminated her performances at this house on the 24th. She did not meet with as good success during the engagement just closed as she did on her previous visit. She gives place to Mlle. Vestvali, who appears in "Gamea" on the 26th. Vestvali has met with much encouragement in New York, but now she must depend upon her own merits instead of upon the kindness and indulgence of her friends. She will probably hold on here a couple of weeks, and then Miss Avonia Jones, it is said, will come forward—"her first appearance in Philadelphia since her return from Australia," etc.....The Davenport-Wallack-Farren Alliance have had a profitable first week of it at the Arch, at which theatre, in connection with the regular company engaged there, they have given some very pleasing performances, to the delight of large audiences. They are now in their second week.....The musicians attached to the theatres, music halls, bands, etc., of this city, getting the key note from New York, have held several meetings, with a view of increasing the scale of prices heretofore in force. There is a feeling of harmony among those interested which will probably result in the success of the new scale.....Another season of German-Italian opera is announced to commence at the Academy of Music on the 2d of November, under the direction of Carl Anschutz. The following artists are to make their first appearance in Philadelphia:—Mlle. H. Frederici, prima donna, from Vienna; Mlle. P. Canissa, soubrette, from Paris; Mlle. C. Lang, soubrette, from Pesth; Mad. Bernard, contralto, from Hamburg; Herr Himmer, tenor robusto, from Berlin; Herr Habelmann, lyric tenor, from Brunswick; Herr Steinecke, baritone, from Prague; Herr Lorenzo Remy, basso, from Vienna; Herr Haimer, basso buffo, from Vienna; Herr Dennstaedt, ballet master, Berlin; Herr Nichola Meister, scenic artist, from Cologne, besides the following, who have before appeared there:—Madame Bertha Johannsenn, Herr Weinlich, Herr Graff, Herr Kronfeld, and a lot of female hers. Among the operas to be produced are Gounod's "Faust," Flotow's "India," Spohr's "Jessonda," and Weber's "Euryanthe." The price of admittance to parquet and balcony is $1 50, a trifle too steep, we think, for Philadelphia.

At the St Louis Varieties, business has continued very good, with Kate Fisher as the star of the evening. She has appeared with great success in the equestrian drama of "Mazeppa," and is nightly received with unbounded applause. We clip the following very flattering notice from the St. Louis *Democrat* of the 15th inst.:—"The usual liberality of an always enterprising and wide-awake management has crowned with corresponding success the production and presentation of "Mazeppa" at the Varieties. The piece is a 'big hit.' The daring equestrianism of Miss Kate Fisher—the Mazeppa of the cast—is a subject of utter astonishment to all those who had only witnessed her efforts in other pieces. It goes far beyond the most sanguine expectations of friends and expectants, and places her upon the crowning pedestal of artistic merit. It is a great piece of acting—nervous, exciting, and full of *esprit*. The earlier scenes of the piece contain some admirable points for fine dramatic display, which are made the most of by Miss Fisher. But when bound upon the back of the wild horse, amid the imploring and despairing cries of the assembled clan—she dashes over the stage, and around the entire circle of boxes, again to the stage, and then sweeps up and still on to the very topmost rafters of the theatre, she evinces that cool, determined phase of acting which is only created by intuitive genius at the instant of surrounding excitement and danger. In her case it is complete and masterly, and produces the very acme of success. The horse, Don Juan, under the efficient schooling of Mr. W. R. Derr, is a model of attraction, and nobly performs the difficult *role* assigned him. The house is, of course, crowded each night, and the enthusiasm far ahead of anything recently witnessed in a St. Louis theatre. Last night Miss Kate Fisher was called before the curtain to receive the applause of the audience. Every one remains spellbound during the dash round the circle and up the mountains, amid the blaze of torches and beacon lights." The *Republican*, of that city, also speaks in commendatory terms of this lady's artistic efforts, of which the following is an extract:—"We have never seen "Mazeppa" better presented nor better performed, than we saw it at the Varieties on two occasions this week. The Mazeppa of Miss Kate Fisher is all that it should be, both in conception and in execution. Her daring as an equestrienne, can no longer be doubted. She has the requisite nerve to attempt, and she executes like an artist. It makes every nerve of the beholder thrill with expectant anticipation, not unmixed with fear, when dashing from the stage, the spirited "Don Juan" bears with impetuous speed his fair burden, around the circuit of the boxes, and then up the steep and rocky way, to the very top of the theatre."

The drama in the rebellious States, like a good many other institutions, just now, seems to be in a very bad way, judging by the following item of news from the *Atlanta* (Ga.) *Intelligencer*:—"There are, in fact, no actors in the South that we can deem worthy of the name. In every portion of the Confederacy we hear of theatres being open, but cannot yet hear of any piece performed where all the characters are well personated. The Richmond Theatre can boast of but one recommendation, and that is the beauty of its interior and the excellence of its scenery. All the actors there are very poor. The drama is on its decline in the South. We visit a theatre now more for the purpose of passing away a few idle hours than to see life represented in all that intrinsic truthfulness of delineation that the drama is intended to portray." *Apropos*. The Richmond *Examiner* has the following significant item:—"We have had brought to our notice recently several combinations, which have had for their object the destruction of the new theatre by a mob. Now, while we will not, and neither will the public tolerate lawless proceedings against any place that may appear obnoxious to the eye of any individual class, and against which any opposition may be raised. The theatre is a place of public resort, and any attack upon it is an attack upon the community, which will be resented to the utmost extent of its power. If the public, such as frequent such places, do not like the performance, they can keep away; but the public sentiment encourages such performances, and will physically countenance their continuance in spite of all opposition. We warn all such that there is a power yet above the mob, and justice rules where even vengeance fails."

On Saturday evening, the 17th inst., the benefit given by Charlotte Cushman to the United States Sanitary Committee, took place at Grover's Theatre, Washington. Says an exchange: "The audience was one to be studied. Grover's Theatre embraced within its walls a larger amount of intellect gathered in Washington, in official circles and civic life, than is often witnessed. The President and his family, Secretary Seward and family, Lord Lyons and suite, occupied private boxes; while the orchestra chairs and dress circles contained a host of eminent gentlemen and ladies." The house was well filled in every part, and the performance gave the utmost satisfaction. Mr. James Wallack appeared as Macbeth, E. L. Davenport as Macduff and Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth, all of whom achieved a great triumph.

At the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., a band of minstrels claiming to be the original "Campbells," made their first appearance on the 19th inst. Among the party we notice the names of Tom Baker and Leon De Berger. The "Ethiops" appeared last week, nightly, in conjunction with the dramatic company.

The Booth-Barrow Combination was at Hartford, Conn., on the 22d, and was advertised to be at Brooklyn on the 24th and 26th. They started for a tour of three weeks, which terminates this week. We have not been advised of their intention of continuing their tour any longer than this.

At Fuller's Louisville Theatre, Susan Denin was re-engaged for last week, and appeared on the 19th as Cynthia, in "Flowers of the Forest." "Pauvrette" was underlined as in active preparation. On the 26th, Sallie St. Clair commences an engagement of one week, to be followed by Couldock and daughter, November 2d, for one week. Laura Keene and Combination then take possession for three weeks. The company now belonging to the "stock" of this theatre is said to be very fine—in fact one of the best seen in that city for some time.

Mr. Edwin Adams made his *debut* in Rochester, N. Y., on the 19th inst., as Macbeth, supported in a very able manner by Mrs. W. C. Gladstane. Both artists are highly spoken of by the press of that city. During this engagement Mr. Adams will appear in the "Dead Heart;" also in the play of "The Heretic."

Mr. and Mrs. Florence were the stars last week at Grover's Theatre, Washington, and remain the present week.

Mr. John Howard wishes us to inform Charlie Brown, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, that he is at present at the Alexandria (Va.) Hospital, and in the best of spirits. He expects to be in Boston about Christmas.

At the Indianapolis, Ind., Theatre, last week, Sallie St. Clair was the star.

Last week was quite a busy one in theatrical and musical circles in Brooklyn. At the Park Theatre, which is rapidly becoming the Wallack's of Brooklyn, that familiar old comedy, company that ere long is to make its appearance in this theatre. Manager Harrison is one of those indefatigable, go-ahead style of men that go in to win, and know no such words as failure or defeat.

At the Vicksburg, Miss., Theatre, on the 12th inst., "Fazio" was given, with Mrs. D. B. Vandeeren as Bianca, and Frank Roche as Fazio. Messrs. Williams and Holland, the managers, are laboring under difficulties in the way of getting lumber to build stage, etc., that article being as scarce as gold.

At the Buffalo Theatre, a benefit to Messrs. F. Stanfield (scenic artist) and T. Duncan came off on the 23d, on which occasion "The Ghost of Altenberg" was produced. Zoe also appeared as Alexis, in "The Wizard Skiff." On the 26th, Cubas, W. H. Leak, and Ximenes were announced to commence a two weeks' engagement.

On the 22d inst., that moral lyric drama, "The Traviata," was produced at the Academy, Brooklyn, to a house that must have cost the plucky Max at least $500, for the Academy was scarcely half full, and half of those present were the regular *habitues* of the Academy, yclept stockholders. In view of the dramatic attractions of the ensuing week, Maretzek has wisely decided to postpone his third trial of the Brooklyn opera-going public until the first week in November, when he proposes to present Medori before them for the purpose of testing the question as to there being any love of music in them.

From San Francisco we have the following items, in a letter dated September 29th, from a correspondent, "J. M. D.:"—At Maguire's Opera House, Menken has drawn crowded houses during her engagement, and will go from here to Washoe..... The Metropolitan has what physicians call a spasmodic disease—opens one night and shuts the next. It will open for a short season next week, introducing Mrs. George Jordan (Emily Thorne) to a San Francisco audience. The theatre will be under the management of her father, C. Thorne, Esq.....The American is open on Sunday nights, with a Mexican company, and has good houses.....The Eureka is doing a good business with the Broh-Cotton minstrel company; they introduced the Ghost, but it was a shabby affair, and would not appear the first night.....At Gilbert's, Sherry Corbyn has brought out a burlesque on "Mazeppa," with Jennie Lamont as the hero, and a Mule the attraction.....At the Bella Union, they don't show any Ghost or "Mazeppa," but depend entirely upon the talent of the company. The houses are crowded every night. Little Maria, the *danseuse*, has returned from her South American tour, and created quite an excitement in the city, at the Bella Union..... Thomas Ward has a company at Stockton; his attraction is Miss Fanny Morgan, imported from Australia. He opens the Victoria Theatre for a season this winter.....The Sacramento Theatre has opened for one week, under Maguire's management..... The Melodeon in that city is crowded nightly. The State Fair has commenced, and that is the reason all others in this State closed up.....Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne is at Portland, Oregon, playing to good houses.....The Marsh Children have arrived at Victoria, from Australia.....Tom Greely, the jig dancer, was shot in Aurora last week; the shot was fatal.....Lee's Circus. While traveling last week, the citizens of Stockton gave Old Man Lee a benefit. It was a grand affair.....Acosta, the *danseuse*, has gone in. She made a failure at the Metropolitan. I think she will open a school here, as a teacher.

The following mems. of things in the dramatic world of Nashville, Tenn., are from a correspondent signed "Talcott," and under date of the 21st. He says:—"Things theatrical are thriving here—both the theatre (Old Drury, under the management of Duffield & Flynn,) and Allen's, at Odd Fellow's Hall. At the theatre, Mrs. Emma Waller has been delighting full and fashionable audiences for the past two weeks. It is some years since Mrs. W. has played, but time has dealt lightly with her, and she has returned one of the most finished and classical tragic actresses on the boards. Mrs. W. will be succeeded by Miss Kate Denin and Sam Ryan. Mr. and Mrs. Conway have played a fair engagement at Allen's Theatre. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. C. were tendered a complimentary benefit, when Mr. C attempted Richelieu, but the character is entirely beyond his powers. On the occasion referred to the house was well filled. There is one thing Mr. C. had better nip in the bud—I allude to the correspondence which graced the programme on this as well as on a former occasion in Louisville. The allusion to representatives of two distinguished families—relative of Gov. Seymour, of New York, &c.—is nauseating to any one possessed of sound sense. These bills beat the celebrated Walter Gay programme gotten up in Cairo, Ill., last summer, which was at the time considered the richest specimen of bill literature extant. Mr. Conway proceeds to Bowling Green and plays a short engagement. Miss Laura Keene opened last night to a full house, and from present indications will play a successful engagement. It is also rumored that Lake's Circus will shortly pay us a visit."

Mrs. Cecile Rush, by invitation from a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia, will give a reading in that city on the 27th inst.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 230.

BALL PLAY.

A VERY "SMALL POTATO" IMPOSTURE.—In last week's CLIPPER with a very brief introduction, made up from the note of a correspondent, we gave the particulars in full of a base ball match between the Mystic and Live Oak base ball clubs, of Albany. We have received notes from the officers and leading members of both clubs ignoring the match in question *in toto*, and stigmatizing the author of the report as a very small sized swindler. Such a fellow, and his doings are beneath contempt, or further efforts at exposure; and, of course, the clubs in question are above allowing such a matter to create any permanently unpleasant feelings between them.

NASSAU, OF PRINCETON, N. J., vs. BROOKLYN CLUBS.—On Monday, Oct. 19th, the Nassau Club, of Princeton College, began a series of games with the prominent clubs of Brooklyn, commencing with the Resolute Club on the Union Base Ball Grounds at Williamsburgh, which resulted in a well earned victory for the collegians, by a score of 13 to 9. Only seven innings were played, on account of darkness. A heavy shower of rain in the morning, and one in the afternoon, that necessitated a suspension of play, placed the ground in a very unfavorable condition, especially where not covered with turf, the bases, and catcher and pitcher's position being very slippery, so much so as to make fielding in these positions almost an impossibility. The ball also became wet, and could not be either batted or caught well. In spite of these draw-backs, however, some very good play was shown on both sides, especially in fly catching, as the score shows. In batting, Milspaugh took the lead, besides making the best catch in the game, Wickham being second best on the list; Weeden and Rogers doing the best on the Resolute side. Mr. Grum acted as umpire with his usual impartiality, and the game was played in the most friendly and gentlemanly manner throughout. The full score:—

BATTING.

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	RUNS	NASSAU.	H.L.	RUNS
Rogers, l f	2	2	Milspaugh, l f	1	3
Weeden, 2d b	2	2	Jacobus, c f	3	1
Allen, c	3	1	Halsey, s s	3	1
Taylor, 3d b	3	0	Henry, p	2	2
Stanton, c f	3	0	Wickham, c	0	2
Bliss, 1st b	2	1	McIlvane, 3d b	2	2
Morrison, p	2	1	Conduit, 1st b	3	1
Warnock, s s	2	1	Rankin, 2d b	3	1
Wilson, r f	2	1	Little, r f	4	0
Total		9	Total		13

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Resolute	2	5	1	0	0	1	0	.	.	—9
Nassau	2	4	2	4	1	0	0	.	.	—13

Umpire—Mr. Grum, of the Eckford Club.
Passed balls—Wickham, 5; Allen, 10.
Struck out—Little, 1; Bliss, 1; Warnock, 1; Rogers, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Resolute 4 times; Nassau 5 times.
Put out on first base—Resolute 5 times; Nassau 9 times.
Fly catches made—Weeden, 1; Wilson, 1; Allen, 1; Stanton, 1; Morrison, 1; Bliss, 1—total, 6. Wickham, 2; Henry, 2; Milspaugh, 1; McIlvane, 1; Halsey, 1—total, 7.
Catches missed—McIlvane, 1; Little, 1.
Time of game—3 hours, 15 minutes.

EXCELSIOR OF BROOKLYN vs. NASSAU OF PRINCETON.—The match between these clubs, which was played on the Excelsior ground, on Oct. 20th, proved to be one of the best played and contested games of the season, and was exceedingly creditable to the skill of the young collegians, both in batting and fielding. Up to the ninth innings of the game the totals were but ten to five, the Excelsiors having the lead, but in the last innings the Nassaus, by some excellent batting, and aided by some very poor fielding on the part of their opponents, scored no less than seven runs to the Excelsiors one, winning the game by one run. Of those who distinguished themselves in fielding on the part of the Nassaus, were Halsey, McIllvaine, Condit, and Weekham, in their respective positions, and Henry as pitcher, also of Little in the same position. In batting, Milspaugh took the lead, as in the first game, Henry being a good second and Weekham third. On the Excelsior side, in fielding, Whiting at 1st base was the most successful; the pitching and catching of the two Brainards being first class throughout. Cook and Chappell in the field, and Jerome and Flanly at short field and 2d base, also played well, and in fact until the "refreshments" were served up the play was good on both sides, but afterwards there was some very loose play indeed. In batting, H. Brainard, Jerome, and Chappell, were the most successful, the latter making the best hit of the match. Mr. Pearce impartially and satisfactorily discharged the duties of Umpire, and he had several close points to decide. The score:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	RUNS	NASSAU.	H.L.	RUNS
H Brainard, c	3	2	Millspaugh, l f	2	3
Langley, l f	4	1	Jacobus, c f	5	1
A Brainard, p	2	2	Halsey, s s	4	1
Cook, r f	3	1	Henry, p	1	2
McKenzie, 3d b	4	0	Wickham, c	2	2
Flanly, 2d b	3	1	McIllvaine, 3d b	3	1
Jerome, s s	2	2	Condit, 1st b	3	1
Whiting, 1st b	4	0	Rankin, 2d b	3	1
Chappell, c f	2	2	Little, r f	4	0
Total		11	Total		12

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	0	0	2	3	2	0	0	3	1	—11
Nassau	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	7	—12

Umpire—Mr. Pearce, of the Atlantic club.
Passed balls—Wickham, 6; H. Brainard, 7.
Struck out—Rankin, 2; Little, 1; McKenzie, 1; Chappell, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Nassaus, 7 times; Excelsiors, 11 times.
Put out at first base—Excelsiors, 8 times; Nassaus, 9 times.
Fly catches made—A. Brainard, 1; H. Brainard, 1; Jerome, 1—total, 3. McIllvaine, 3; Wickham, 1—total, 4.
Catches missed—Wickham, 1; Henry, 1; Halsey, 1; McIllvaine, 1; H. Brainard, 1; McKenzie, 1; Cook, 1; Langley, 1; Flanly, 1; Jerome, 1.
Left on bases—Henry, 2.
Time of the game—three hours and ten minutes.

NASSAU vs STAR.—On Wednesday, Oct. 21st, another victory was added to the list of the games won by the Nassau during their visit to the metropolis, they defeating the Stars on their own grounds on that day, by a score of 16 to 7, in a game of nine innings. The Stars were *minus* the services of four first class players, or perhaps the game would have been more closely contested. They played well, however, with the nine they had, especially in the last four innings, when they scored three runs to their opponents' two, the latter part of the game being exceedingly well contested. In the first five innings, the Nassaus scored 14 to their opponents' 4, their batting and fielding being first class, but in the latter part of the contest they fell off in their batting somewhat.

It is scarcely necessary to make any exceptions in favor of this or that player where all did so well on both sides, but on the part of the Stars, McCullough's fine fielding, and the fly catching of Flanders were worthy of special notice, as was the play of Halsey and Condit, of the Nassau. In batting, Morris and Manly were the most successful on the Star side, McIllvaine taking the lead in run-getting on the Nassau side, although Milspaugh batted the best; Halsey also scored well, and Condit marked his batting with a clean home run. The Nassaus did not adopt the "waiting game" style of play in this match as they did in the Excelsior game. We would suggest to them to repudiate it altogether, leaving such a style of play to those clubs who prefer "playing the points," as it is called, instead of doing "the fair and square thing" with their opponents. Mr. Chapman ably acted as umpire, and a handsome supper appropriately terminated the day's proceedings. The score:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H.L.	RUNS	NASSAU.	H.L.	RUNS
Mitchell, r f	4	0	Milspaugh, l f	3	3
Chilton, p	5	0	Jacobus, c f	5	1
Norton, 1st b	3	0	Halsey, s s	3	3
Thomas, c	2	2	Henry, p	4	1
Manly, 3d b	2	2	McIllvaine, 3d b	1	3
Henry, c f	2	1	Wickham, c	3	2
Flanders, s s	3	1	Condit, 1st b	2	2
McCullough, 2d b	2	1	Rankin, 2d b	2	1
Thompson, l f	4	0	Little, r f	4	0
Total		7	Total		16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	1	1	—7
Nassau	5	3	1	3	2	0	0	2	0	—16

Umpire—Mr. Chapman, of the Atlantic club.
Passed balls—Wickham, 3; Morris, 6; Thompson, 1.
Home runs—Condit, 1.
Struck out—Little, 1; Mitchell, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Stars, 8 times; Nassaus, 3 times.
Put out at first base—Stars, 5 times; Nassaus, 7 times.
Fly catches made—McCullough, 2, Flanders, 5; Henry, 2; Morris, 1; Mitchell, 1—total, 11. Henry, 3; Rankin, 3; Wickham, 3; McIllvaine, 1—total, 10.
Run out—Milspaugh, by McCullough.
Left on bases—Condit, 1; Rankin, 1; Little, 1; McIllvaine, 1; Mitchell, 1; Norton, 1; McCullough, 1.
Put out at home base—Morris, by Henry.
Put out at second base—Wickham and Jacobus, by McCullough.
Time of game—two hours and forty minutes.

NASSAU vs. ATLANTIC.—On Thursday, October 22d, the Nassaus played their first game with the Atlantics, at Bedford, L. I.; the result being the success of the latter by a score of 18 to 13, in a well contested game of seven innings. The Atlantics had a fine nine out and played their usual good game, except in batting, they finding Henry's pitching about as difficult to bat against as any they had encountered this season. The Nassaus did not field as well in stopping balls as in their other games, but in catching and throwing they played splendidly; two catches on foul balls, by Henry and Condit, and a beauty on the fly, by Rankin, on which he made a double play, eliciting hearty and deserved applause from the large crowd of spectators present. The score:—

BATTING.

NASSAU.	H.L.	RUNS	ATLANTIC.	H.L.	RUNS
Milspaugh, l f	2	2	Pearce, c	1	4
Jacobus, c f	2	2	Smith, 3d b	2	3
Halsey, s s	1	3	Crane, 2d b	2	3
Henry, p	2	1	Pratt, s s	3	2
McIllvaine, 3d b	4	0	Chapman, p	2	2
Wickham, c	2	2	Price, r f	3	1
Condit, 1st b	2	2	Joe Oliver, l f	3	2
Rankin, 2d b	3	1	Galvin, 1 st b	1	1
Kirkpatrick, 3d b	3	0	P O'Brien, c f	4	0
Total		13	Total		18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Nassau	1	2	1	1	2	0	6	.	.	—13
Atlantic	4	1	0	4	1	3	5	.	.	—18

Umpire—Mr. Chappell, of the Excelsior club.
Passed balls—Wickham, 4; Pearce, 9; Smith, 1.
Home runs—Crane, 1.
Struck out—Smith, 1; Crane, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Nassaus, 3 times; Atlantics, 5 times.
Put out at first base—Nassaus, 3 times; Atlantics, 4 times.
Fly catches made—Pearce, 1; Oliver, 2; Crane, 3; Pratt, 1; Galvin, 1—total, 8. Milspaugh, 1; Condit, 1; Rankin, 2; Wickham, 1—total 5.
Left on bases—Henry, 2; Kirkpatrick, 1; Chapman, 1; Price, 1; P O'Brien, 1; Galvin, 4.
Run out—Oliver, by Rankin; Wickham, by Smith.
Put out at second base—Milspaugh, by Galvin; Henry, by Crane; Chapman, by Rankin; Also at third base, by Smith.
Time of game—three hours.

BASE BALL IN BOSTON.—The Tri-Mountain Club, of Boston, enjoyed a very pleasant game among themselves, on the 15th inst., under the New York Rules, the sides being commanded by Messrs. Geo. Arnold and E. G. Saltzman. The ball used on the occasion was to be presented to the player making the best score, Mr. E. J. Fraser handsomely winning that position and taking the trophy. This was the closing day of the season to the Tri-Mountains, and this fact, coupled with a most inviting day, brought out a large attendance of spectators. The score sheet credits each player respectively with the following:—

BATTING.

SALTZMAN'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS	ARNOLD'S SIDE.	H.L.	RUNS
Chandler, p	1	4	Hovey, c	1	3
Saltzman, c	3	4	Arnold, p	3	2
Fraser, s s	2	5	Goldthwait, 2d b	4	1
Daniels, 1st b	3	1	Newton, 1st b	3	1
Boardman, 3d b	3	4	Troup, 3d b	2	1
Ingraham, 2d b	4	2	Munn, s s	3	1
Doherty, r f	3	3	Childs, c f	3	1
Barns, l f	4	1	Fisher, r f	4	1
Stowe, c f	3	1	Margot, l f	4	0
Total		25	Total		11

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Saltzman's	9	0	4	0	2	1	2	5	2	—25
Arnold's	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	5	—11

Umpire—B. F. Guild, of the Bowdoin club.
Scorer—J. W. Fletcher, of the Tri-Mountain.

BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—On the 12th inst., a match game at base ball came off at Philadelphia, for the Junior Championship, between the Athletic, jr., and the Minerva B. B. C., this being the second contest between these clubs this season for that honor, the Minervas winning the previous event by a score of 12 to 9. As the Athletic, jr., reversed decisions this time, leaving a tie in events, though the winners on this occasion are three runs ahead, we presume at least one more meeting may be looked for to test the question of victory for the season. Such a match would enlist much interest. The respective players acquitted themselves as here set forth:—

BATTING.

ATHLETIC, JR.	H.L.	RUNS	MINERVA.	H.L.	RUNS
Heiss, s s	2	2	Nicholson, c	3	1
Walton, p	2	2	Young, p	3	1
Cushman, 1st b	2	1	Newman, 3d b	3	0
Schell, 2d b	3	1	Culbert, 2d b	1	2
Faust, c f	2	2	Ayers, r f	3	1
Shane, c	2	2	Linnerd, s s	3	0
Rorke, 3d b	3	1	Paul, c f	2	1
Berry, r f	4	0	Fay, l f	1	1
Wright, l f	1	2	Thomas, 1st b	2	0
Total		13	Total		7

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic, jr	1	2	2	3	2	2	1	.	.	—13
Minerva	1	2	2	0	0	1	1	.	.	—7

Umpire—Mr. Hayhurst, of the Athletic, Sr.
Scorers—Messrs. Malone and McClary.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK vs. SATELLITE.—The second eleven of the New York cricket club played a game, on the 21st inst. with the picked eleven of the Satellite club, on the grounds of the Manor House, Greenpoint. The game did not commence much before noon, and was not very replete with interest or excitement. The game stood as follows when the stumps were drawn:—

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hall b Tribeck	7	not out	6
Parkins run out	0	run out	7
Suydam b Tribeck	18	b Tribeck	0
Tyler b Tribeck	8	c Wright b Mudie	9
Plumer b Tribeck	26	c Walton b Tribeck	0
Beach c Palin b Tribeck	3	b Tribeck	11
Podmore b Tribeck	3	b Tribeck	3
Clarendon c Palin b Tribeck	11	c Palin b Tribeck	0
Maddock c Arthur b Tribeck	0	c Tilley b Tribeck	0
Garrison not out	8	l b w b Tribeck	2
Bull run out	3	c Tribeck b Mudie	0
Bye 1, leg bye 1	2		
Total	84	Total	38

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Walton c and b Suydam	19	b Tyler	8
Mudie b Garrison	1	b Tyler	4
Walker b Garrison	14	b Beach	18
Wilson b Garrison	0	c Suydam b Beach	0
Palin b Garrison	0	c Podmore b Beach	4
Tilley c and b Beach	6	b Beach	2
Watson c Beach b Suydam	0	b Tyler	2
Tribeck b Beach	3	c Plumer b Tyler	0
Arthur b Beach	0	c Tyler b Beach	1
Till c Suydam b Beach	1	not out	3
Wright not out	1	c Clarendon b Beach	0
Bye 1, no ball 1	2	Byes	5
Total	47	Total	47

Umpires—Messrs. Boyd and Crossley.

BILLIARDS.

HOW BILLIARD BALLS ARE TURNED.—There has been nothing in the mechanical arts so difficult to overcome as the turning of a perfect sphere. Until recently, the universal method of turning balls of whatever material was in a common lathe, with, for the most part, hand tools. This, as almost every mechanic knows, was a tedious process, as it was necessary to take the ball or sphere out of the lathe very frequently for re-adjustment; yet, notwithstanding all this painstaking, it was all but imposible for the most adept at turning to get a perfect round. The great mechanical difficulty has at length, however, been overcome by a gentleman of California, who has invented a contrivance that is affixed to a lathe, by which all kinds of spheres, from billiard balls to cannon balls, can be turned *perfectly round* with very little more trouble than placing the "raw material" in its place, after the machine has been properly adjusted to size, etc. To give a description of it would be almost impossible unless by diagram, but as one day last week we saw it doing its work in Messrs. Phelan & Collender's extensive billiard establishment in Crosby street in this city, we can state positively that balls turned by it are, as before said, perfect. In further proof, we might state that previous to the playing of the late billiard match between Messrs. Kavanagh and Seereiter, it was a matter of choice between the two who should provide the sett of balls to be played with; when it was agreed that each party should produce a sett, and those found to be most perfect should be used. In proving them with the proper instruments, the first ball in the sett produced by Mr. Seereiter was found to be out of true; while, on the other hand, every ball in the sett furnished by Mr. Kavanagh was found to be quite correct, both in weight, size and finish. The former were turned by hand, as is usual, while the latter were turned by the machine in question, which has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Phelan & Collender by the patentee, for them to introduce to the public, which, if properly done, will realize a fortune we should think for those interested, as such a machine must necessarily be in great demand when once its merits are thoroughly known.

HEAVY WINNERS COMING FORWARD.—Prince and Belle, of Hartford, Ct., have been sent forward to Washington, D. C., to compete for the brilliant prizes offered at the National Horse Fair. They are favorite animals, and have already won heavily. Prince is said to have bagged $2.800 since the 1st of September last; while Belle is credited with $1000, without losing a single race.

KEEPING UP THE SPORT.—At the York County, N. B., Agricultural Fair, the sports of the occasion were closed by a series of trots and races, numbering not less than seven events. We believe the contestants were all amateurs, at least we see none "known to fame," so that we scarcely care to go into details.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

GAME FIGHT

BETWEEN

MICKEY GANNON AND JACK BALDOCK.

These men met on October 6th, near London, to fight for £100 a side, at catch weight. A steamboat was engaged, and the start was set for five o'clock, from the same pier that Peter Morris and Morris Roberts took their departure. Soon after the appointed time, the gate being opened, Puggy, with his straw, was the first to enter, followed by Fred. Oliver, with the paraphernalia of the ring. The gathering on this occasion was very select. The managers of the trip had made every requisite arrangement, and all embarked without the ramping and tearing displayed at many other places. At half-past five o'clock, Baldock came on board, but it was not until a quarter past six that Mickey Gannon made his appearance. In five minutes afterwards, the boat started with a full cargo. As London Bridge was reached, the excitement was piled up by a fracas between a clever East-End star and one or two who had evidently stopped up all night to be in time for the morning. A short stop was made at the Tunnel Pier, and a fresh accession of voyagers added to the freight. Blackwall was passed at half-past seven; and at a very slow pace the boat steamed on until a stop was made at a spot not lately tried. The authorities were seen, and again the order was "go ahead." At length, after a long voyage, another descent was made on the Kentish shore, and Oliver and his satellites soon got the ring in order, and at five minutes to nine Baldock threw in his cap. He was quickly followed by Gannon, and their *toilettes* were at once commenced. Gannon won the toss for corners, and of course placed his back to the sun. A discussion now arose about the length of the spikes in their fighting boots, and the referee (Fred Oliver) was appealed to, who at once decided that one was as bad as the other, and ordered them to be used. Gannon was esquired by Jack Hicks and George Crockett, while Bob Travers and Patsey Reardon waited upon Baldock. Gannon had for his colors a silk handkerchief with a white middle and variegated border, Baldock's being a violet handkerchief with a chenie border and bunches of flowers in the middle. The ring was kept by Joe Goss, Job Cobley, Tom Tyler, Jack Smith, and Patsey Daley, all of whom worked hard to keep it intact. The betting was 6 to 4 on Baldock. Gannon walked across to Baldock's corner, and took £3 to £2. All being in readiness, the men and their seconds shook hands, and the combatants were delivered at the scratch at half-past nine for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men put up their hands, it was at once seen that both had been good lads during the period of their training, and their positions showed that each possessed a thorough knowledge of the art. Gannon has a well-developed chest, shoulders, and loins, but down lower he is long in the thighs, and small from the knee down. His action with his arms is rather peculiar, as they were well advanced, but, as he feinted or made any offers, he from time to time opened and shut his hands. Baldock stood with an apparent knowledge of attack and defence, standing well up and having his hands well advanced, but with the elbows bent and the hands half open. They had no sooner faced each other than Gannon got to work, and, without loss of time, planted his left straight on Baldock's nose, and got back without a return; he again crept close and repeated the dose, this time receiving on the left ribs a spanker from Baldock's right. This brought them together, and, after some sharp half-arm exchanges, both were down in Gannen's corner.

2. Baldock, on coming up, was bleeding from the nose, and first blood was claimed and allowed for Gannon, who, again eager for business, let go his left on the nose—a hot 'un; he stepped back, but on the instant advanced, and again got home his left on the nose, and as quick as thought once more dashed it out, this time reaching the right eye of his adversary, inflicting a cut, from which the blood flowed freely, Baldock returning heavily with his right on the ribs. Baldock then tried his left at the head, but was prettily stopped. They broke ground, and, on again nearing each other, Mickey invested cleverly with his left on the nose twice. They then closed, and, during the struggle for the fall, the ring was broken into, and a most disgraceful scene ensued, the partisans of the men crowding into the arena, quarrelling and fighting among themselves, and for some minutes the mill was put a stop to.

3. Again did Gannon plant on Baldock's nose, eye, and mouth, almost without a return, inflicting severe punishment; but the men had barely room to fight, the ring being filled by the roughs. They got together in Baldock's corner, and a scrambling struggle was finished by both being down, Baldock under.

4. The referee now entered the ring, and ordered all out before he would call time. This order being obeyed, the ring was once more clear, and the men faced each other. Mickey commenced proceedings by dashing out his left, straight as an arrow, from the shoulder—it alighed on Jack's damaged eye, fetching more blood—and then, with great rapidity, let go the same hand at the nose. Baldock, not to be denied, dashed his right in several times with great severity on the left ribs of Gannon, the blows resounding all over the ring. The gallant lads closed, and some very fast and effective exchanges were passed, until both were down in the middle of the ring.

5. Baldock's right eye was fast closing. His forehead, nose, and mouth much swollen, and the blood trickling from several cuts on the cheek and eyebrow, while Mickey was, with the exception of a slight flush on the left cheek and [illegible] or two on the ribs, unscathed. Mickey, as soon as up, dashed at his man, delivering his left heavily on the nose, and receiving a rib-bender in return from Jack's [illegible]. This brought them to close quarters, and after a sharp tussle for the fall, both were down at the ropes, Gannon uppermost. They had now been fighting ten minutes.

6. Mickey let go both hands on the nose; Jack tried to return, but was short, Gannon then feinted, stepped in, and sent a terrific hit from his left bang on the damaged eye, and fell from the force of his own blow. Gannon's friends were now in ecstasies, shouting to their man—"It's all your own, Mickey!" as he was carried to his corner.

7. Mickey came up puffing from the fast fighting, but otherwise unhurt. He at once began work, and forced the fighting, punching Baldock all round the ring, until they got to the ropes, where, after a brief struggle, both were down.

8. Gannon, who was first up, was without a mark more than previously, and as lively as a cricket, although blowing from the fast pace in the previous rounds. Some sparring took place until Gannon perceived an opening, when he planted with the greatest coolness on the right eye with the left, which was the "office" for Baldock to rush in with his head down and place one or two warm ones on the body, which brought on exchanges, and a struggle for the fall was concluded, after the assistance of the seconds and interlopers, by both going down easily. Time, 16 minutes.

9. When time was called, Gannon was the first up, and waited for Baldock's appearance at the scratch, who came up slowly, but had his face swollen on the right side, and his right eye going up as fast as possible. As soon as Gannon was within reach, he baulked, and placed the second delivery fairly on the right eye, and followed it up by another on the nose, which forced a close, in which Gannon had much the best of the two-handed fighting, and Baldock was down at the ropes.

10. As soon as they were up, Gannon forced the fighting by getting home on the nose twice with his left, for nothing. Mickey tried the left again, but being rather short, Baldock got well on the ribs with the right, and on the side of the neck, as Mickey rushed in. Gannon would not be denied, and got well home on the right eye, and then went down.

11. As soon as they faced each other, Gannon got his left on the nose, a "warm one," Baldock returning on the mouth with the right; exchanges, in which Gannon had much the best, until Baldock closed, and get on the Birmingham hug, eventually throwing Gannon, but no damage was done.

12. Baldock was first up when time was called, and commenced fighting as fast as he knew how, but was met with a steadier from Gannon's left on the eye, which was followed by similar deliveries on the nose and mouth, without any return. Baldock tried to turn the tables by forcing the fighting, but was again met with a stinging shot on the mouth, and Gannon fell from the force of his own blow.

13. Gannon was almost free from marks, with the exception of being flushed. Baldock, much punished, tried to force the fighting, and was wofully short in his delivery, but dashing in, a close ensued, in which they fought to the ropes, where a struggle for the fall took place, and as Gannon did not persevere for the throw, but was fighting all the time, Baldock was uppermost. Baldock's spikes in the scramble at the ropes went through Dan Thomas' foot, boot and all. They had now been fighting 27 minutes.

14. As soon as they were at the scratch, Gannon planted on Baldock all over the ring, and fought him down at the ropes.

15 and 16. The ring was in great confusion, in consequence of several, who ought to know better, getting within the ropes and stakes, and scarcely leaving room for the men to fight. Gannon had all the best of the fighting, as he never had his left out of Baldock's face, and finished the rounds by throwing the Haymarket pet and falling on him.

17. Gannon in this round had all the best of the fighting, planting on Baldock, and running away again, repeating it until Baldock clutched him, and in struggling for the fall held Mickey rather low. An appeal was made, but not allowed. Time, 36 min.

18. Gannon sent his left on the nose, and as they got together the ring was again broken in, and great confusion ensued, the partisans of the men behaving very badly, and as the men fell together, closing round them, almost precluding the seconds from picking up their respective men.

19 and 20 were of the same scrambling character, the ring being full of roughs, and in each both were down.

21. The referee repeatedly called time, and had to enter the ring before he could make himself heard. The men at length came to the scratch, and Gannon got on the right eyebrow, Jack returned with a swinging right-hander on the back of the head. Mickey then sent his right on Baldock's left ear, knocking him off his legs. Time, 47 min,

22. Was very short, for Gannon was no sooner at the scratch than he sent out his left at Jack's nose, who, in trying to counter, slipped down.

23. Gannon, as lively as at starting, planted on poor Jack's nose, who took his punishment most unflinchingly, and tried his utmost to turn the tide in his favor, but without avail, for Gannon fought him down.

24. As the men were sent to the scratch, a cry of "police" was raised, and sure enough, in the distance several were seen making their way to the scene of action. The men, however, got together, and some rapid exchanges took place, all in favor of Gannon. By this time the blues were in close proximity to the ring, and the referee ordered hostilities to cease, after fighting 54min. A move was then made to the boat, and when all had embarked, away down the river they steamed, until a spot below Rong Reach was selected for a likely spot. The ropes and stakes were sent on shore, but ere they could be pitched the police again put their veto on further proceedings, and another move was necessitated. This time it was as far as West Thurrock Marshes, where the ring was formed, and at five minutes to one o'clock they again stood up to renew the fight. In this ring, eleven more rounds were fought, occupying 1h. 12m., but they were of the most tedious character, the last one taking no less than 42min., Baldock, after coming to the scratch, retreating to his own corner, from whence he defied Gannon to fetch him. All this time the ring was nearly full of people. Mickey every now and then crept close, but, just as all thought he was going to loose it, stepped back into the middle of the ring and put his hands down, and when asked by his seconds the reason why he did not go into Baldock's corner and fight him there, answered that he dare not, for those in the corner had several times attempted to kick him while he was on the ground. This unsatisfactory state of things continued until the police were again descried making another descent on the ring. The men were at once got out, the stakes pulled up, and Gannon got safely on board, where, after some few minutes, to the surprise of many, it was rumored that Baldock was arrested, and on inquiry this rumor was found correct, and he was seen, accompanied by two policemen, on his way to the station at Grays. Many of Gannon's friends loudly exclaimed that Baldock or his partisans had caused his own arrest. How far this may be true remains to be seen, as the referee ordered the men to meet at the office of the stakeholder, October 8th, at twelve o'clock.

REMARKS.

As the fight is not decided, there is no occasion to enter into further particulars than we have given above, with the exception of stating that once more have the school placed another nail in the downfall of the P. R. Gannon took a decided lead, and kept it until he was daunted by the violence shown towards him when in Baldock's corner. Mickey took most of the spectators by surprise by the manner in which he got on his opponent, and there is no doubt that with fair play the fight in the second ring would not have lasted more than twenty minutes. Baldock is as game as can be; but he is not endowed with great quickness of delivery or return, trusting too much to the right hand to finish the battle, and fancying that Gannon would resort to the same tactics as previously, when Mickey did not try. No blame can be attached to either of the men, but the supporters of Baldock went much beyond the bounds of fair play to save their money, and what the referee will decide upon to be done on Thursday we shall give in our next.

THE CLOSING SCENES—EXCITING DEBATES IN BELL'S LIFE OFFICE—THE "TYPOS" CALLED TO THE RESCUE.

On Thursday, the representatives of the men treated us to one of the usual *levees*, which our position compels us to hold, in which loud voices and unabashed falsehood were used as the instruments to blind our eyes to justice, and it was not till our room was cleared of all save one representative of each man, that we could get on anything like terms, or ascertain the point at issue, which turned out to be that Gannon's friends accused Baldock of wilfully giving himself up; while Baldock's backers as strenuously denied this fact, and declared the men could not get away from the police. Certain evidence was laid before us by Gannon's friends, however, which, coupled with inquiries we subsequently caused to be made, convinced us that their accusation was founded upon fact, and the referee, on Friday morning, when the parties again met at our office, awarded the money to Gannon. Directly this just decision was given, our office was filled by a band of ruffians, at the head of whom were Ward, of the Iron Founders' Arms, Greenwich; Young Billy Shaw, Tom Tyler, and Baldock himself, who assailed us and our reporter with the vilest abuse, and Baldock and another of his friends (a pedestrian named Myers, we believe), with frightful oaths declared they would take the life of our Ring reporter the first time they caught him in the streets. Young Tyler and Ward were no way behindhand in their threats, and the scene altogether was of such a nature as we never witnessed before, and will take care shall never occur again in our office. Finally we were compelled to summon the assistance of our whole staff of compositors to clear the room, but the company did not take their departure without threatening to wreak their vengeance upon every one who did not think with them at the earliest opportunity. That Ward and Tyler should distinguish themselves as they did was not surprising, as the opposite course is with them the exception to the rule; but that Baldock and Shaw, who have hitherto conducted themselves to us with propriety and civility, should so far forget what is due to us, we confess took us quite aback; but this did not surprise us so much as the cool cheek (we can call it nothing else) of Shaw, who a very few minutes after this scene, while Baldock's threats were still ringing in our ears, returned to our office, and with the calmness of innocence requested us to give Baldock a leg up, as a beaten man, and beg his friends to pay him for his colors as though he had won. This truly modest request startled us not a little, and on our asking what was the ground for it after Baldock's conduct, we were told he was a *little excited*, and that we might make some allowance for a beaten man, who had taken [illegible] without flinching. We stated [illegible] as well as we did that Baldock had been privy to his own apprehension, a fact Shaw did not attempt to deny. Before he left we promised we would lay his request before our readers, and we have now fulfilled our promise; but whether the bare-faced impudence of the proposition will earn for Baldock the reward to which his ruffianism certainly disentitles him, we know not. He may take it from us, however, that both he and his mentor, Shaw, are no longer members of the Association, from which also Tom Tyler's name has again been erased, and that until he has unlearned the ruffianism in which he has been recently educated, and has betaken himself once again to civility and decency, he had better refrain from showing his face in or near our office. All his associates may also rest assured, that should they attempt by gesture or action of any kind to intimidate any one connected with our establishment, warrants will at once be issued for their apprehension, and they will at once be bound over to keep the peace. Before taking leave of this affair, we are requested by the proprietors of this journal to state that unless the present system of terrorism, only exercised by a certain clique, is at once and forever put an end to, which can be done with the greatest ease by the parties most interested—the pugilists themselves—*Bell's Life in London* will cease to be the organ of the Ring, and every effort will be used on our part to put an end to a sport which, as at present carried on, cannot be defended on any ground whatever. Whether gentlemen will ever again be persuaded to venture to the ringside is a problem yet to be solved.—*Bell's Life, Oct.* 10th.

FRED. FISHER AND PUGGY WOLFE,

AT CATCH-WEIGHT, FOR £20.

This match, originally fixed for Oct. 8th, for prudential reasons was brought forward a day, and, in consequence, took place without interruption. Five in the morning was the time named for the start, and the ring was pitched near Woodbury, Notts. Fisher was first in, attended by Joe Faulkner and an old Nottingham pugilist. Wolfe was seconded by Alf. Marshall and Jem Cummins, and at eight o'clock the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Wolfe stood over the Birmingham representative, being some 2in. the taller man. Both looked in good form, Fisher carrying more "meat" than usual in his encounters. Sparring for measurement, when Wolfe led with his left, but was short, Fred. visiting the chest in return. In a second attempt, Wolfe got on the jaw slightly, but was finely countered on the nose, a hot 'un, from which the blood trickled freely. (First blood for Fisher.) A slight passage of arms, and Wolfe down.

2. Wolfe came up bleeding, but met his man half-way, when they got to close work, Fisher investing on the face, and, reaching the left peeper, left a "parting gift." Wolfe retaliated on the chest and left cheek, but his blows appeared altogether to lack the force requisite to leave any impression. Fisher got the double on the mouth and ribs, and Wolfe went down to avoid.

3. All in favor of Fisher, who fought his man down at the ropes.

4. As soon as they got together, they countered simultaneously on the forehead, which brought on some heavy hitting on the part of Fisher, in which he landed on the neck, and knocked Wolfe down.

5. Good exchanges, Frank getting on the left peeper, Wolfe returning on the chest, and again got down.

6 and 7. Fred. as strong as a lion, Wolfe bleeding from the left peeper. Some well-meant exchanges, Wolfe being fought down at the close.

8. At it at once, fighting well to a close, when both rolled over.

9. Wolfe began to look very "queer," and rolled about, but continued to fight gamely. Fisher got on at all points, and fighting his man down in his own corner.

10 to 13. All in the same direction, Fisher "getting on" all over the dial; Wolfe, although contesting gamely, fought down at the finish.

14. As soon as up, Fred. landed a hot 'un on the right daylight, and got away from a return. He again feinted his man, whereupon Wolfe got down, and a claim of "foul" was raised, but overruled.

16 to 20. The fight might now be said to be virtually over, as round after round Wolfe came up only to be receiver-general, and was down at the finish, in every instance.

21 to 36 and last. Despite the gameness of the Nottingham man, who took his punishment with the utmost good-homor, Fred. went up to him and floored him in his corner, round after round, until at the thirty-fifth round Wolfe's seconds threw up the sponge for him, after contesting 37 min. in all; but the game fellow would renew the engagement, and fight another round. He was much mortified at his defeat, and showed considerable punishment, both his eyes fast closing, his face scarred, and his right ribs bruised. Fisher, on the other hand, showed no mark, with the exception of a slight contusion on the left eye, and a few scratches on the back of the neck. Remarks are uncalled for altogether, as Wolfe, though a game fellow, was completely overmatched by the vigor and impetuosity of his more youthful opponent.

CURLEY AND LAVIN.—On Monday, Oct. 5th, about 500 persons assembled at Shipley to witness the fight, for £10 a side, between E. Curley and J. Lavin (both of Dewsbury.) The ring was formed at a rather early hour, and to work the men went, neither

exhibiting much skill in the noble art; yet, what was deficient in science, they made up by game. They fought 22 rounds, which occupied 1h. 18min. when those unwelcome gents in blue put in their appearance, and Curley was seized while in a cab by the bluebottles and taken in custody to Bradford, and during the day his opponent was also taken while in bed at a public house in Bradford. During the whole of the fight it would have puzzled an Old Bailey lawyer to tell which was the better man. Curley got the first blood and Lavin the first knock down. For obvious reasons we omit the names of the seconds. On Tuesday, Oct. 6th, both men were placed before Major Wood, a West Riding magistrate, at Bradford, when Police Sergeant Slingsby, of the West Riding constabulary, stated his case, and the men were bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

JON GOSS AND PATSEY REARDON MATCHED FOR £1,000.—The above celebrated pugs have made a match for £500 a side, to fight at 10st. 8lb. in the London district. £10 a side has been staked to bind the match, which has to be increased Nov. 2d.

CRICKET.

BRILLIANT CRICKET CLOSE.—The wind-up of Hampshire cricket, for the present season, was celebrated by a grand match at Southampton on the 28th and 29th ult., between eleven players of England and fourteen gentlemen. And this match will ever be rendered memorable, "will bear a wonderful deal of talking about for years to come," as the *Era* has it, "on account of the 'hundred weight' of runs scored by Mr. E. M. Grace." This gentleman's career in this innings is so altogether singular, and terminates so brilliantly his tremendous season's play, that we venture on taking the space necessary to give it as we find it set down.

"The interest of the innings was centred in Mr. F. M. Grace's 112 (41 more than the other thirteen scored from the bat), and all about that may be thus noted:—Mr. Grace went No. 1, he had scored four runs only when he hit up a moonraker, which Stubberfield stared at, but 'never went nigh;' he then made his score into 23, when Wm. Humphrey, at deep square leg, stopped the ball with his right hand, but did not hold it. A remarkable fine drive for 4 to the orchard hurdle made his score 40; and when it was at 45 he hit one high up to mid off, which Wm. Humphrey caught, *and then dropped* (truly a bad miss, this). He then scored 8 more runs, when he was let off by Southerton, and then Mr. Grace went on any how, hitting all round—from all sorts of bowlers—with a freedom and force truly surprising. Bowler after bowler tried at him, partner after partner left him, and the fieldsmen up in a knot, if ever an eleven were, and they went to liquor. 'How many have I scored?' asked he of the only scorer in the tent. '81, sir,' answered Bodle. '5 more, then I make up my 3,000,' said Mr. G. Caffyn was forthwith driven for a 4, and then a drive for a single brought out a loud cheer, and the 3,000 was effected. Soon after, another cheer announced he had scored 100 runs in the match; he then scored a 2, and then three 3's, and then (with only two wickets to go down) he superbly drove one from young Lillywhite, which Caffyn cleverly caught, and Mr. Grace was out for a certainly lucky, but as certainly fine, free hitting innings of 112 runs; he went in first man at half-past one, and (dinner intervening) was out the twelfth down at a quarter-past five with the score at 190. His hits comprised a cut for 5 (one for the overthrow), two 4's (drives both), seventeen 3's (fine hits all round), eleven 2's, and twenty-six singles; he had seven different bowlers at him (some on twice), and his 112 brought his season's runs to exactly 3,031. Just think of *that*, Mr. Brook!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—We are sorry to say that our fine Problem of last week (No. 402) was marred by a typographical error. The White King on K R 4th, should have been a *White Queen*.

L. WOLKENSTEIN.—We find your Problem not quite perfect; it admits of a very different line of attack on the 2d move.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—We have a couple of documents in the office for you.

W. R. HENRY.—Your renewed favors lay us under great obligations.

F. V., U. S. Engineers.—That No. of the CLIPPER is entirely exhausted. We can do still better—we can get small India rubber men for you, at the price named.

SAXEY RYAN, Folly Island, S. C.—The best the remittance will do is "Chess for Winter Evenings," and "Dime Chess Instructor," which we forward.

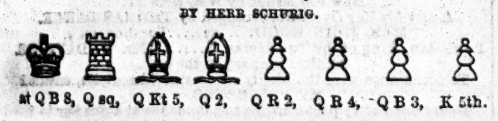
CHESS IN GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Chess Club held its second annual meeting recently, and the reports showed that its affairs were in a most flourishing and satisfactory condition. It opens its second year with 42 members, and is, probably, the most powerful Scottish club. President, J. R. Richard, Sr.; Secretary, R. J. Moffat.

BLINDFOLD CHESS—GRAND EXHIBITION.—On Wednesday next, (to-morrow, 28th inst.,) our contributor, F. Eugene Brenzinger, will give one of his always successful and wonderful exhibitions of skill at "blindfold" play, at the Paulsen Chess Club, 189 Bowery. He will engage in 8 or 10 games, simultaneously. The Chess Editor of the CLIPPER will act as Umpire on the occasion. Play to commence at 7½ o'clock, P.M. Ladies, and all interested in chess, are invited to attend.

ENIGMA No. 403.

From the Illustrated News of the World.

BY HERR SCHURIG.



at Q B 8, Q sq, Q Kt 5, Q 2, Q R 2, Q R 4, Q B 3, K 5th.

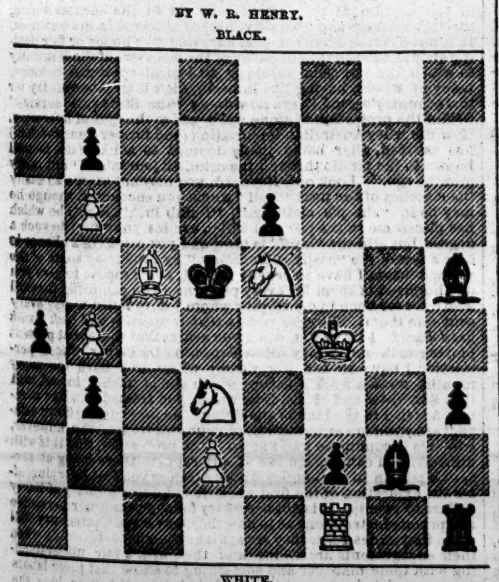
at Q Kt 3d, at K 2d, and at K 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 403.

BY W. R. HENRY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 403.

The following is one of the best of the parties contested by our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger in his various "blindfold" matches.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, J. Gafney.	Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, J. Gafney.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K Kt × Kt(a)	Q P × Kt
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	16..Q × Q B	K Kt-his 3
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..P-K B 4	B-Q B 4
4..K B-B 4	P-Q 3	18..P-K R 5	Kt-K R 5
5..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	19..Q × Kt P	R-K B sq
6..Q Kt × P	Q B-Kt 5	20..Q-K R 7	Q-K Kt 4
7..Castles	Q-K B 3	21..P-K Kt 3	Kt-K B 6 +
8..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-home	22..K-his Kt 2	K Kt-Q 5
9..P-Q Kt 4	P-Q R 3	23..Q Kt-K 3	P-Q B 3
10..Q B-Kt 2	P-K R 3	24..Q B × Kt	K P × B
11..P-Q R 4	K Kt-K 2	25..R-Q R sq	Q P × Kt
12..P-Q Kt 5	R P × P	26..R-B 8 +	K-his 2
13..R P × P	Q B × R	27..R × R, and the Attack wins.	
14..Q B × R	Q Kt-K 4		

(a) Prettily played, indeed! For if B takes Q, mate in two moves would be the penalty.

FOOT RACE AT ALBANY.—On the 16th inst., two lads, named Lindsay and Gill, ran a race of a mile, on the parade. At the start Gill gained a little, but Lindsay soon overhauled and passed him, and eventually won by two seconds. Lindsay will run any one in Albany, under 18 years of age, for a small sum of money, say $5 or $10 a side.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

GAME No. 28—Vol. XI.

From Drummond's Third Edition.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	10..11 to 27	32 to 23
2.. 8 11	22 17	11..13 22	25 9
3.. 4 8	25 22	12.. 6 13	29 25
4.. 9 13	27 23	13.. 8 11(*a*)	25 22
5.. 6 9	23 18	14..11 15	24 20
6.. 9 14	18 9	15..15 24	28 19
7.. 5 14	27 23	16.. 7 11	31 27
8.. 1 6	30 25	17..10 14 (*b*)	27 24
9..15 18	22 15	18.. 8 7	22 18

White wins.

(*a*) Black can draw by 13 to 17.

(*b*) Drummond gives the following variation:—

17.. 3	7	27	24	23.. 2	9	21	17
18..13	17	22	13	24..18	27	17	13
19..10	14	13	9	25..27	32	13	6
20.. 7	10	9	5	26..32	28	6	2
21..11	15	5	1	27..10	15		
22..15	18	1	6		Drawn.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 27—Vol. XI.

BY "NOBODY."

White.	Black.
1..24 to 19	15 to 31
2..22 8	12 19
3..32 28	3 12
4..30 26	31 22
5..25 2, and wins.	[A fine End-Game.—ED. D. D.]

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 143d POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..29 to 25	32 to 28	3..22 to 17	13 to 22
2.. 2 7	30 21	4..14 17, and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
16.. 5 9	23 18

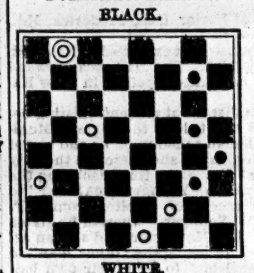
POSITION No. 28—Vol. XI. THE 144th POSITION OF STURGES.

END-GAME.

BY I. D. J. S.

Dedicated to Learners.

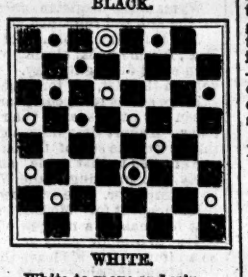
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DAN BRYANT.

This very popular artist was born in the city of Troy, N. Y., May 9th, 1833, and made his first appearance on the stage as a dancer at Vauxhall Garden, New York, in 1845, on the occasion of his brother's (Jerry) benefit. The reception he met with on this occasion inspired him to adopt the "burnt cork" profession, and shortly after this we find him connected with different companies traveling throughout the country until 1848, when he joined Losee's Minstrels, in company with J. H. Savori (who has been with him ever since), John Mulligan and others. In 1849 he joined the Sable Harmonists and traveled through the Southern and Western States, and finally returned to New York in 1850, and became a member of Charley White's Melodeon Minstrels in the Bowery. The company then consisted of C. White, R. White, F. Stanton, W. Smith, H. Neil, Master Juba and Dan Bryant. He remained with this organization one year, when he attached himself to Wood & Fellows' party in New York, but he remained with them but one season. He then joined the forces of the "original" Campbells, taking the place on the end of the lamented Luke West. The Simon pure "Campbells" were organized in June, 1847, by John Campbell, and consisted of Jerry Bryant, W. B. Donaldson, James Carter, John Rea, Henry Mestayer and David Raymond. Shortly after Mr. Donaldson withdrew, and his place was filled by Luke West. The company at this time was playing at the American Museum. At the time Dan joined the party, Matt Peel, Sher Campbell, T. B. Prendergast, Tommy Peel, Burdett, Clark, and several others of note, were in the troupe. The party travelled South and West until the year 1856, disbanding in July. We next find Daniel as manager of a company performing in the Chinese Rooms, on Broadway, under the title of "Bryant's Campbell Minstrels." During this season he made an immense hit in his "Essence of Old Virginny"—a characteristic dance which has been attempted by nearly all the "funny men" in the business, but up to this date Dan Bryant has not yet met with a single rival. The following September he visited Philadelphia, and appeared with much success. In February, 1857, Jerry and Neil Bryant arrived in New York, after an extended tour to California and Australia. The three brothers afterwards formed a co-partnership, organized a band of "Corkonians," and opened at Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, New York, February 23d, 1857. Dan remained here permanently until early in 1860, when he took a trip to England to see the sights and for the benefit of his health. While in London, he appeared for one night with the original Christy party, then in London, under Raynor's management. Dan danced his "Mississippi Fling," and took the audience by storm, creating a sensation only equalled in that line by the much-lamented Daddy Rice, who set all England wild with excitement by his jumping "Jim Crow." Dan Bryant's success equalled that of Daddy Rice in every way. Dan may well, therefore, feel proud of this.

After an absence of a few months he returned to the scenes of his many triumphs, and was most enthusiastically welcomed back to his old posish, on the end at "472," where he has remained up to the present time, one of the greatest favorites ever seen upon the boards of any establishment in this country. At the earnest request of many friends, who discovered beneath the streaks of burnt cork, talent of no common order for a line of characters different from that in which he was pre-eminent, he was persuaded him to make his *debut* in white face, and on the 2d of July, 1863, he appeared at Floyd's benefit at the Winter Garden, in this city, in the Irish character of Handy Andy, and his rendition of the part was equal to any representation that has been witnessed in this city for a long time. From his first entrance until his final exit, his performance was in that quiet, subdued, and artistic manner which showed hard study. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we readily accord our praise and estimation to Mr. Bryant, as a gentleman who has so substantially stamped himself as one of the few successful impersonators of Irish characters, and a sterling, legitimate actor. He is gentlemanly in his bearing, and easy and finished in his style. His elocution is well modulated, and in all the requirements for stage effects he is perfectly at home. As an end man to a minstrel band, he has no living superior on the American stage. In almost everything, he is original; and in genuine comic humor, and in mirroring the ludicrous phase of the genuine plantation darkey, there are none who have excelled or can excel him. His wit is given with such zest as to draw smiles from the most hypochondriacal humanity. His burlesque character dances are the quintessence of fun.

ANNA AITKINS.

Made her first appearance on any stage, September 1st, 1851, at Barnum's Museum, Philadelphia, as a member of the *corps de ballet*. Was a member of the ballet at the Arch Street Theatre, for some time. Retired from the stage in 1857. Married and living in retirement in Philadelphia.

MRS. CHARLES BURKE.

Well known as Mrs. Sutherland—maiden name Coombs. Born in Connecticut, made her first appearance on any stage, at the old National, Boston; made her *debut* in New York, at the Bowery Theatre. Retired from the profession, and was, at last accounts, residing in New York.

ADA CLARE.

Made her first appearance on any stage, November 27th, 1855, at the Academy of Music, New York, as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," being the first appearance in public of a company of amateurs.

MD'LLE CLARA.

Made her first appearance on the American stage, as a *danseuse*, July 7th, 1828, at the Lafayette Theatre, New York.

MR. CLIFTON.

Made his first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 2d, 1852, as Frederick Plum, in "All that Glitters is not Gold."

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

Born in England. Made their first appearance on any stage, February 13th, 1796, at the John Street Theatre, New York, as Zaphna and Palmira, in "Mahomet."

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

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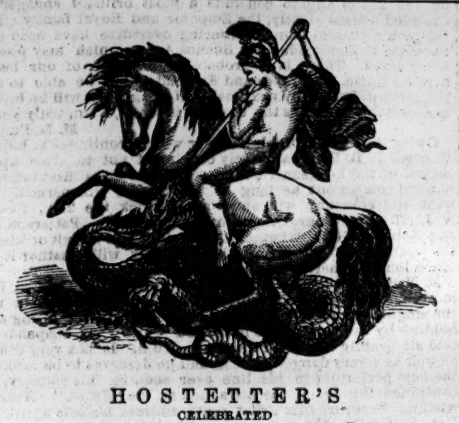

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THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
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Never before concentrated into one Company,
On which occasion many new faces and all the old favorites will appear.
During the present season they will visit the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, the Island of Cuba, and all the principal Cities in the United States: introducing to the public the best Negro Delineators, the best Singers, the best Dancers, the best Musicians, the best Female Personators, the best Brass Band, and the best Orchestra in Minstrelsy.
Also, the Incomparable
LION QUARTETTE,
Composed of the unapproachable GUSTAVE BIDAUX, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, universally admitted to be the best and most powerful
QUARTETTE EVER HEARD.
The Baggage of this Renowned Troupe is the Finest, most Elegant, Beautiful, and most costly lot of Zinc Trunks ever seen connected with one Company; the whole was made by special order, at an immense expense.
THE WORLD OUTDONE.
DUPREZ'S DREAM OF MINSTRELSY,
Is one of the principal lines on the great Mammoth Posters now used by this Troupe, recently completed at Clarry & Reilley's, Spruce street, New York. It surpasses in Design, Size, Grandeur, and Expense, everything ever before attempted, not even excepting Circuses or Menageries. This Immense Bill cost $1500. It is composed of thirty-five sheets, worked in four colors. It is nineteen sheets larger than any Poster ever printed. Bill Posters along the route will take notice and reserve good public places for this ornament.
GRAND SERENADE BY THE BRASS BAND,
each evening previous to opening the doors.
For full particulars, see Programmes of the day.
Stage Manager.....J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Orchestra and
Musical Director.....JOHN KELK.
Leader of Brass Band.....ALPHONSE BERGERON.
Vocal Director.....GUSTAVE BIDAUX.
The whole under the auspices and immediate control of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
28-tf A. S. PRENTISS, Advertising Agent.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE,
AND
YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND.
EIGHTEEN IN NUMBER.
"THE PRIZE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON."
See "Union Democrat," Dayton, O., June 5th, 1863.
Such is the universal opinion of the press and the public everywhere, upon witnessing the very versatile and extraordinarily entertaining exhibitions as given by the above very popular troupe. Whilst most companies have felt compelled during the extraordinary heat of the past summer, to take a "vacation," the CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE has been performing to not only "full," but even crowded houses.
The reason of this great popularity is easily explained, the CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE combine the CHIEF EXCELLENCIES of all the best exhibitions of the day, and the motto of their manager is "onward," "forward," and he will not rest until he makes it the best exhibition of the present age.
The manager of the above troupe, contemplating a visit to Europe, next season, will be happy to receive proposals from managers of first class establishments. Any such, directed as under, will receive due attention.
J. HENEAGE CARTER,
Manager "Carter Zouave Troupe,"
Care of FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER OFFICE,
20-3m New York City, U. S.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
JOHN A. ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
The only proper and Popular Building in the City, for Concerts, Lectures, and other Exhibitions. Can be rented by the night or week, during the months of July, August, September, October, November, December, 1863; and April, May, and June, 1864; the other months being occupied by my regular Dramatic Company. All applications directed to
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Jr., Cleveland, O., or
18-tf C. A. WAGNER, Columbus, O.

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This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent, negotiated with for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
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THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None other need apply. JAMES CONNER & Co., Agents,
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CLEVELAND, OHIO,
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The best and most popular Building in the City for Concerts, Lectures, and all kind of Exhibitions. It can be rented by the night or week, during the months of January, February, and March; also, July and August, 1864, the remaining months being occupied by my regular Dramatic Company.
18-tf Address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Cleveland, Ohio.

CARD TO MANAGERS AND PERFORMERS.—A certain Sinn-er from Washington, who has had the good fortune to make a few dollars by keeping a half starved concert room, more through dumb luck than good management, is in the habit of visiting Philadelphia in quest of talent. He invariably visits the drinking saloons frequented by the profession, and is always ready to take a smile with any one, especially if there is any "champagne" around, but he was never known to "shell out" and return the compliment.
This Sinn-er is always ready to instruct performers how to break their engagements, in order to obtain their services to go to Washington. He can tell a ballet girl to put all her skirts under her dress when she leaves the show, and leave her empty trunk behind, which of course he will make good; and he can also offer a song and dance man, or a banjo player, a salary which he never had the courage to pay, and even if he paid it for the first week, he would, as usual, have to cut them down the second week.
The object of this card is to put managers on their guard against this Sinn-er, who goes around like "a wolf in sheep's clothing," and is fully qualified to act the part of the best black sheep in the business. When he again visits Philadelphia, if he will visit the bar room of Fox's Casino, he will see a picture—a fox with his tail in a trap, "more frightened than hurt"—and if the particulars of the late trial of Beller vs Fox has escaped his memory, he will do well to refresh himself, and mind and guard against such a catastrophe. This gentleman in black is no friend to performers, which many of the unwary have found out to their sorrow, and it is hoped by the advertiser that this friendly hint will be taken by the profession in general.
28-4t ROBERT FOX.

M. AINSLEY SCOTT, the well known Basso Profundo, Enterlocutor, and General Utility Business, for two years leading Basso of Bryant's Minstrels, and lately Middle Man of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, is desirous of a situation with a White Concert Troupe, or a first class Minstrel Band.
28-2t Address, care of Box 295, P. O., Lowell, Mass.